

Personal Recollections of Prince Ito. By Francis Piggott.

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SONG OF THE GUNS AT SEA.

O hear! O hear!
Across the sullen tide,
Across the echoing dome horizon-wide,
What pulse of fear
Beats with tremendous boom?
What call of instant doom
With thunderstroke of terror and of
pride,
With urgency that may not be denied,
Reverberates upon the heart's own
drum,
Come! . . . Come! . . . for
thou must come!

Come forth, O Soul,
This is thy day of power.
This is the day and this the glorious
hour
That was the goal
Of thy self-conquering strife.
The love of child and wife—
The fields of Earth and the wide ways
of Thought—
Did not thy purpose count them all as
nought
That in this moment thou thy self
mayst give
And in thy country's life for ever
live?

Therefore rejoice
That in thy passionate prime,
Youth's nobler hope disdained the
spoils of Time,
And thine own choice
Fore-earned for thee this day.
Rejoice! rejoice to obey
In the great hour of life that men call
Death
The beat that bids thee draw heroic
breath,
Deep-throbbing till thy mortal heart be
dumb,
Come! . . . Come! . . . the
time is come!

Henry Newbolt.

The Spectator.

NERO'S SAND.

Once, under Nero, there was lack of
bread
In mighty Rome; and eyes were
strained to meet

The ships from Egypt, laden with
the wheat
With which the Mistress of the World
was fed.
But when at last, with every swelled
sail spread,
They hove in sight, there ran from
street to street
A sudden rumor that the longed-for
fleet
Brought sand for Nero's circuses instead.
So Fate misfreights the vessels of our
lives
Which might have carried grain of
very gold
And fills it to the water-mark with
sand;
And Folly's breezes helping, it arrives
Safely in port, where Death unloads
the hold,
And all the cheated angels round it
stand.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

ALL THAT'S PAST.

Very old are the woods;
And the buds that break
Out of the briar's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roams back the rose!

Very old are the brooks;
And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
The azure skies,
Sing such a history
Of come and gone,
Their every drop's as wise
As Solomon.

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales,
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;
We wake and whisper awhile.
But the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie.

Walter de la Mare.
The Thrush.

THE ITO LEGEND.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF PRINCE ITO.

It is difficult now to recall the views held by the world at large with regard to Japan twenty years ago; still more difficult to say what people thought of a man who took up an appointment under the Japanese Government, for indeed they were not very clear what manner of thing that was, nor how far it was associated with or dissociated from China. There was some vague knowledge of what was afoot in the country; a few of the clever ones knew that among other changes in the old order, changes causitically described as "apeing the ways of the West," a constitution was being prepared; but the information they imparted was received by some with amused indifference; by others, who found in it a useful topic for dinner conversation. It was described as "so very interesting." A few only took the matter seriously; but these had met some of those highly intelligent young men who were at that time invading the country, ever asking questions, seeking explanations of our manners and customs—often difficult enough to account for satisfactorily—and who left, in token of gratitude for information received, a pair of Samurai swords of exquisite workmanship, and of temper as fine as their own, with the laughing apology "No use now." The trail of these busy inquisitors can be traced through the land by their legacies of steel. For those who had been so initiated the matter appeared of serious moment: it was the sign of the "man's hand" upon the horizon of the East, and speculation was rife among them whether it was a portent of good or evil. Not so very many years before, Miss Harriet Martineau had begged the Rev. Sydney Smith to use his influence

with Ministers to do to this little up-starting country what in that estimable lady's opinion ought to have been then already done with China—annex it. If this counsel of perfection had only been adopted in the case of that ancient empire, what a world of trouble an obstinate Ministry would have been spared! Now, here was another nation springing into existence—she recked little of the "ages eternal" of the imperial dynasty—let Ministers be wise in time in this case, and take heed to her warning. Another "John Company" could easily be called into being, and all would be well. Not a little of the vagueness of the ideas which inspired these counsels lingered, even in 1887, in the minds of those who were so far on the way of knowledge as to appreciate the fact of Japan's existence.

Equally difficult is it to call clearly to one's memory the attitude of the Europeans in Japan itself at that time. On the one hand, one's enthusiasms for the beautiful with which life in the country was surrounded were damped by those who vainly regretted *les fleurs d'antan*. On the other hand, one's intense sympathy for the Japan as she was then, the Japan who seemed to be crying from her every house-top—"Is it nothing to you who pass by?" was set down as unpatriotism; for in those days the "revision" of the treaties, which meant the abolition of consular jurisdiction, was for foreigners the burning question, overshadowing in importance the national question, of which revision was but a small part, the grant of constitutional government to the people. But throughout those days of diplomatic strife and upheaval of the national spirit, the discussions on every question, the attitude of Japan towards

every question which affected her welfare, were permeated by the influence of one man who held the reins of State, unseen as well as seen, in his most capable fingers—Hiromi Ito: Count Ito as he then was.

The engagement of an English lawyer as adviser to the Cabinet, with a view specially to matters connected with the constitution, was at the time popularly set down to a desire on the part of the Japanese Government not to leave England out in the cold. The Powers were supposed to be contesting with one another the honor of having the preponderating influence over Japan in her adoption of western civilization; much as they are now eager to share in the pecuniary benefits to be derived from assisting China in her railway enterprises. England had stamped her personality upon the navy then coming into being; France was guiding the evolutions of the new battalions; Germany's influence was paramount in the doings of the Court; a veteran French lawyer was impressing the virtues of the *Code Civil*, many Germans the logic of their Commercial Code, upon the drafters of the new Codes which were soon to regulate the civil and commercial conduct of the Japanese, who yet listened to the words of wisdom which fell from the mouths of common law Englishmen. So Japan was seen to be distributing her favors with a pretty equality, accepted as satisfactory by all concerned. But in the matter of the constitution, German influence appeared to be paramount; and, so men were pleased to say, England would be grievously affronted if her constitution, the constitution *par excellence*, were not in some measure drawn upon by the Japanese. It would seem to be contrary to the natural order of things if the British Constitution were to be ignored; and in this they found a satisfactory explanation of my appointment as legal ad-

viser to the Minister President of State, in other words, to Count Ito. The reason was quite different. The time had arrived for considering how far English principles would work into the frame of the constitution which had already been constructed. With these principles Ito was perfectly familiar; but the details of them required fuller exposition for the benefit of his subordinates, who would have the handling of them.

Count Ito was not a man of many words; he spoke in short detached sentences, each prepared in the interval of smoking preceding it, which gave an appearance of hesitation to his speech. He had, however, a considerable capacity for thought and expression in English; and his exposition of the policy which had induced him to add an English adviser to his staff was singularly lucid. The circumstances were so obviously different, the difficulty of reducing the British constitution into a series of concise articles manifestly so great, that in spite of his admiration for it, he realized that only the broadest principles could be adapted to the circumstances with which he had to deal. With those circumstances he dealt quite freely: the opposition that he foresaw, the difficulties already gathering round his path, which would gather thicker and thicker as he drew nearer and nearer to the goal. But he intended to overcome them, and he spoke as one who believed in the high destiny of his country, and in himself as the appointed agent to carry it to its fulfilment. Confidence and self-reliance, and a disbelief in the possibility of failure, were at that time, as ever afterwards, his chief characteristics; even then his attitude towards public life was that of a great man, and in the first minutes of my first interview with him it was clear to me that it would be most honorable and congenial to work under him. "I know you Eng-

lish well," he said at its close; "how you all love work. I expect you to work and to give me all the help in your power."

The reaction followed almost immediately. There was a factor in the situation which no one could have explained, for no one fully appreciated it at the time; and it was almost impossible to foresee exactly what my work was to be, what I was wanted for. The vision—pardonable in a young lawyer called in the circumstances from the drudgery of the Temple—took the shape of drafting a constitution; of preparing the articles in alternative forms, submitting them for approval with much dissertation as to the respective merits of each; of learned discussions of many projects, not with a casting vote of course, but still with a deliberate voice of considerable weight. Clearly a very fascinating task, to take so great a share in shaping the future of a nation. The actual amounted to no more than the answering of a series of abstract questions, sent to the office every morning by the secretaries who were at work on the draft, more like examination papers than anything else. These questions were often elementary, in the sense that they dealt with the elements of constitutional law, but they had to be treated with much elaboration, in order to give a clear working idea of the doctrines of the textbooks. The mysteries of our constitution had to be probed to their depths. An essentially logical people sought light on the question, how a practical people like the English could assert that things of vital importance were and at the same time were not, and live in constitutional peace; such things as that the Sovereign has a right of veto, but that it would be unconstitutional for him to exercise it; or that money bills are passed "by and with the consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," which consent it would be

unconstitutional for those Lords to withhold. In those far-off days in Japan we discussed these doctrines according to our ability; the discussion to-day has been repeated with much strife of words in the larger arena of Parliament itself.

But the unexplained factor in the situation which made the actual differ so widely from what I imagined my work would be, was that the Constitution of Japan was to be the work of the Japanese themselves; no foreigner could be allowed to have a hand in it. But it was manifestly to the advantage of the drafters to have living rather than printed books of reference, and this is what the foreign advisers were. That it did not quite consist with pride of work is as obvious as the reverse of the medal—that no other course would have fitted in with the national spirit of the Japanese.

Official interviews with the Chief were at this time of rare occurrence, owing to the disinclination to discuss questions of policy. Moreover, Count Ito had many other questions to deal with as Minister President—among them the burning question of Treaty Revision. He was not then the dominating figure in the country which he became in after-years; but, as I have said, his views permeated the country, and his influence was in the ascendant. His star seemed at times, however, to be obscured by political clouds; and he had the supreme prescience of the statesman, not always given to the western politician, of knowing when the time was ripe for him to acquiesce in the inevitable.

An incident connected with what we should call the fall of his first Ministry is, I think, worthy of record. It was the spring of 1888, the political weather to all appearance set as fair as the spring itself. The scene, Count Ito's drawing-room: the *assistance*, many guests invited to dinner: the time, that

period when hunger almost overcomes polite patience, when the announcement of dinner has been delayed for nearly three-quarters of an hour past the appointed time. The Countess, undismayed by surreptitious glances at watches, maintained the most perfect *sang-froid*; the host himself appeared to be the missing guest. The three-quarters were fully passed, when the door opened and Count Ito came in with Count Okuma. Ito, radiant as ever, had no further apologies to make than to say he had been discussing "a little business with this gentleman." Okuma, in Japanese dress, gravely bowed; and when Ito repeated what he had said in Japanese, he allowed the faintest shadow of a smile to flicker in his eyes. Ito, always the most charming of hosts, made the dinner pass more pleasantly even than usual—the leaves were on the trees again, the cherries bursting into flower, the peonies of Waseda would presently be in gorgeous blossom, we should see how much finer Count Okuma's were than any he himself could grow at Oiso; and the gardener statesman maintained with polite reciprocity that there were other as beautiful things to see at Count Ito's country seat . . . then shortly after dinner took his leave as gravely as he had entered. The next morning I found the office closed; the clerk in charge informed me with a smile that it was to be moved—the moving of my books and papers had, in fact, begun. "Where to?" I should be informed in the course of a few days—during which there was to be a holiday, and my presence would not be required. Later in the day authentic rumor took the "little business" of the night before in hand, and gave it very different shape: Count Ito had ceased to be Minister President; Count Kuroda had replaced him, and Count Okuma had gone to the Foreign Office. Ito passed as President to the newly created Privy

Council, a post which would, so the papers said, afford him greater leisure for the elaboration and completion of the constitution; but Treaty Revision must thenceforward be dealt with by other and, some maintained, more strenuous hands.

But although official interviews with my Chief were rare, social intercourse of the most friendly description was maintained, and the remembrance I have of the Ito of those days was that in social gatherings, as in other things, he was far ahead of his fellows. Representative though he was of old Japan, he yet fell easily and gracefully into those western ways which young Japan was so eager to adopt. He adapted himself to the manners of the West as naturally as he had assimilated his methods of political thought. There was a natural courtesy in the man which made it good to sit with him at table. His power of adaptation to his surroundings made him welcome in all company. He would have been as much at his ease in the ward-room or the mess, as he was at an ambassador's or royal table; the gun-room would have acclaimed him "the very best." He liked to see, and to fit himself into, new customs, even those lighter ones which appertain to society; for they helped to give him a wider insight into the characteristics of different nations. The English houses had adopted the French custom which requires the men to leave the dinner-table with the ladies. I felt in public honor bound to maintain the English custom at my own table; at which, on one occasion, I remember Ito discussing the merits of the two systems, and suggesting probable origins for each. He was delighted, and rallied the French Minister on his ready acquiescence in the "*passwine*," without making a diplomatic question of it.

The most comprehensive description I can give of my Chief at this period

of his life is that while he was Samurai of the Samurai, he was yet a modest gentleman; but that even in society there was a glamor about his presence which in spite of his short stature set him apart from other men. Officially we knew that he had a power of compelling men to his will; but although once out of his office he always kept this power in admirable restraint, there was an impalpable something, a sort of mental diffraction fringe, which kept all but his intimates at a respectful distance. And there were men of no mean generation round him. Ku-roda, genial in spite of his apparently unpolishable roughness; Saigo, of ancient lineage, bluff as a British admiral; Yamagata, smart and straight in his uniform as a French general, Okuma, silent and reserved, who clung the longest to the ways of old Japan, seeming to love his flowers at Waseda more than victory in political strife, and finding in them consolation when he retired physically maimed from the fray; Inouye, quiet, observant, not mingling much with the world, bearing the scars of the wounds by which his clansmen did him almost to death in the earlier days, and content to see his fellow-adventurer leading the fighting line; Oyama, country gentleman, the Field Marshal of our days; and many another who has long since quaffed his cup and passed silently to rest.

The constitution was in due course promulgated, together with a fundamental law of almost equal importance, for it was a constituent part of it—the Law of the Imperial House—and in 1890 the first Parliament in the East was opened. My work was done, and I left Japan for other spheres of action. Although I was able to keep in touch with him in many ways, I did not see my old Chief for many years: not until the crisis of that national life,

which was his life, was at hand. The Russian Armada had entered the China Sea, and Togo lay watchful in Masampho Bay. Passing through Japan on my way to take up my appointment in Hong Kong, I was one of the crowd of guests bidden to the Emperor's Cherry Blossom Garden Party in the spring of 1905.

The scene was in all things typical of Japan. Outwardly time seemed merely to have slipped forward a long span of years. It had laid but gentlest hands on the gracious Lady of the Land. The national anthem, with its melancholy cadences which cling to the heart as they do to the ear, swelled, died away, and swelled again, as she walked with her ladies through the Palace gardens receiving the homage of the people, as I had heard it in the bygone days. But for the gaps that Time had hewn in it, the crowd seemed hardly to have changed, so many old friends there were who gave me greeting; the body diplomatic, gold-laced and many-colored in its uniforms, stood, as I had so often seen it standing, somewhat aloof from the world of fashion, within the red-corded space; the sun shone and sparkled on the sea, the cherry trees loosed their blossoms to the breeze which strewed them on the ladies' gowns; the people laughed and talked, as if there were no more serious trouble in the air than the warfare of words which the revision of the treaties had engendered fifteen years before. Soldiers with the scars of war upon their faces seemed resting, part of the peaceful scene, as if their work had been accomplished. Nothing in nature, nothing in the people, indicated that the crisis of the national existence was at hand. So the nation, like its individual atoms, ever hides its trouble from the prying eyes of the outer world, with a smile and what that world deems callous indifference. But when ceremonial ob-

servances were ended, and Ito was free, we sat at a little table apart. "This is good," he said, "to see you again, and now especially. Let us talk." And in those familiar crisply-cut sentences, laying aside the traditional reserve, he talked very plainly, very soberly, of the peril in which his country stood. I had never known a Japanese betray anxiety before. But for the moment the cloak was unnecessary; the real man, with a man's hopes and fears, told me what was burdening, not his heart alone, but the heart of every man there, laughed he never so gaily. He dwelt on the reality and the gravity of the danger which the great Armada threatened. So far as human intelligence could foresee, the danger was very real, and no one, not even Marquis Ito, dared do more than hope for a successful issue from the fight. The danger threatened the existence of the nation in something more than the ordinary sense. The defeat of the Japanese fleet meant, as he saw very clearly, that all he had done, all that he had fought for, would become a thing of derision, to be mocked at by the ready scoffers. It seemed to me that the triumph of those who refused to believe in his country, who saw in it no more than a nation of children playing with pretty toys, was what Ito most dreaded to look forward to as the possible outcome of the struggle.

But the Treaty of Portsmouth, while it settled the external troubles which fretted the nations, left the internal troubles of Corea still to be dealt with, and it was natural that the Emperor should call on Ito to undertake, as Resident-General, the arduous task of settling them, and at the same time of fostering friendly feelings in the Corean mind towards Japan. Success would be the crowning achievement of his life. During the autumn of 1907

I spent a fortnight as his guest in Seoul, and once again I heard those short crisp sentences, expounding the policy which he deemed it the right and duty of Japan to adopt towards Corea, and his own views as to its ultimate success. It has often been said, perhaps it was inevitable, that in his work in Corea he based himself upon, and liked to be compared with, Lord Cromer; and that he looked upon the Hermit Kingdom as the Egypt of Japan, our action there her justification. The impression left upon my mind is quite different, and indeed such a self-imposed comparison seems to me entirely alien to his character. Prince Ito was a man of far too original ideas and independence of mind to submit to be second to any one, however successful an administrator, in the eyes of the world. That he had a great admiration for Lord Cromer and his work was clear from his frequent references to it, and it is undeniable that he hoped that his own work might be comparable, for the success achieved, with that of the English administrator in Egypt. But the problem was not identical, was analogous only in its broadest features; and he realized that he must work it out on lines of his own planning.

The Dam of Assouan will stand for all time as a splendid monument to the genius of the man who deemed the improvement of the material prosperity of the people not the least part of the science of administration, and to his untiring energy in promoting it. The waters of a mighty stream were not the flood Prince Ito had to stem, but the impalpable and restless thoughts which surged in the minds of a people whose tradition was one of hostility and resentment towards Japan. Twice ten thousand hands could not set up the dam which was essential to the peace and prosperity of Corea; one man alone could build it; and the materials, not Portland cement and gran-

ite, but mutual trust and regard, cemented by gratitude, from which perchance might come hereafter a loyal communion of sentiment. Twenty years were not, he thought, too long a time to devote to the building; it could hardly be done in shorter. He knew that while he lived he must be the master-builder, though he should never do more than lay the foundations. But those foundations he resolved should be firmly set, in justice divorced from fear, by example and exhortation—not only to the Coreans but to the Japanese in Corea. I do not profess to defend, or counter the attacks which have been made upon, the policy of Japan, nor the conduct of individual Japanese; I desire only to record Prince Ito's own views on the question. He realized, far more keenly than the critics, the difficulties which stood in his way. He could have told those critics, long before their omniscience discovered it, that not the least of those difficulties lay in the Japanese themselves. None knew better than he how greatly some weak spots in the national character would hinder successful administration; and he resented misconduct on the part of a Japanese far more than aggressive acts, so long as they did not end in or tend to murder, on the part of a Corean. Intensely human, he understood how much of crude humanity lay at the root of Corean hostility.

Two things I may note here which tie the hands of the Japanese administrators in Corea. The home-sickness from which the Japanese suffer makes them unwilling colonists; even in Formosa their colony, where the wheels of life run smoothly, the cry is always—"We would return, we are so far from home." This of itself creates a difficulty in finding competent officials in sufficient numbers. But a graver trouble arises from the fact that the tradition essential to such a civil serv-

ice as Japan needs in Corea has not yet firmly set all round; and even in the legal profession, although the schools turn out a multitude of passed students every year, the number who come up to the required standard of proficiency is limited; so that even if many candidates were willing few would be quite fit to be chosen. One of the difficulties of the Corean problem is that the Japanese Government cannot as yet rely on a sufficiently continuous supply of capable civil servants in the lower branches. Prince Ito knew this from personal observation far better than the critics who delight to expand the delinquency of the individual into the iniquity of a nation. The Japanese civil servants in Seoul entertained the Resident-General at a dinner, on the occasion, if I remember rightly, of his going to Japan on leave. It was a compliment which he appreciated and fittingly acknowledged. But he took the opportunity of speaking, through those who were present, to the wider audience of the whole service on a question which he had very much at heart—the purity of that service and the necessity for greater strictness in its attitude towards the Coreans. As his manner was, he summed up what he had to say in one pithy sentence:—"Always remember, gentlemen, that you are not here to serve Japan, or promote Japanese interests; you are servants of Corea."

The policy of Japan in Corea lies within the sphere of politics, and therefore must be excluded from this article; but Prince Ito's personal aims are so much beyond controversy, that even the bitterest critics of the policy admit that the standard he had set up for himself was ideal. I feel no hesitation therefore, in referring to it as a tribute to the memory of my old Chief, in the hope that it may lead to fuller appreciation of his character. Reducing it to the terms of a single sentence in

his own manner—I think they are almost his own words—he hoped to reach the heart of the Corean nation by compelling the gratitude of the individual. This was to be the leaven which he believed would, after many years, leaven the whole mass of the people. He endeavored to do this in three special directions, by which he hoped to strike at the root of great though non-political evils.

The husbandry of the Corean is still in the most primitive condition, and the subdivision of the land into fragments, more properly to be described as small "takings" than small holdings, wasteful in the extreme, owing to the great breadth of the division mounds. Almost before he had entered formally into the office of Resident-General, Ito saw in the improvement of the condition of the peasant farmer a legitimate means of reaching the heart of the people. A tract of land was purchased in the midst of an agricultural district twenty miles from Seoul, and a *Station Agronomique* established. The hopeless maze of subdivisions, the boundary lines of which ran haphazard in all directions, were replaced by regularly partitioned holdings on the Japanese model, and the boundary-mounds reduced by half, thus increasing by an appreciable percentage the land per acre under cultivation. A capable director and staff were appointed, and the whole put into cultivation as if it belonged to an ordinary proprietor. An exhibition of agricultural appliances of the most modern type was added; classes were formed in every branch of husbandry, special attention being paid to veterinary science, and a certain number of resident pupils were admitted on payment of a small fee, and housed in comfortable quarters in the Corean style. It was a model farm of the most approved type, and the farmers were invited to come whenever they liked to observe

and ask questions, seeds and produce being distributed among them. In order that their primitive minds should be satisfied that there was no deception, only the seeds produced on the farm were given to them, the promise of better crops being conveyed to them through the medium of samples of the old and of the improved products placed in the exhibition for comparison. Thus the fact was borne in upon them that these larger and better fruits came from soil identical with their own, and that without resort to witchcraft they could if they chose sow and reap like fruits. Finally, in order that their minds might be cleared of all suspicion that they were receiving fearsome gifts from the Greeks, the whole institution, director, staff and all, was made over by deed of gift to the Corean Government, by which it is now maintained. At first a few only of the more venturesome spirits hazarded the wrath of their deities, took the seeds, and, still somewhat sceptic, sowed them, in due course reaping, some twenty-fold and some fifty-fold; and some, the persistent ones, whose faith increased in proportion to their profits. In the second crop a hundred-fold. And so the wonder grew, the tale being told on cold evenings to the stranger from a faraway farm, sitting on the well-warmed floor—for under the new system provision of costly fuel was abundant—and he, too, desired a similar increase to his worldly goods and comfort. The classes, too, were well attended, the unlearned taking the place of the learned as they went back to their family farms. Farmers came in ever-increasing numbers, for the prosperity of the model farm itself bore witness to the supernatural excellence of the new methods. So the Ito legend grew, spreading from farm to farm throughout the country; and with it came also the dawning in many of the humbler Corean minds that no enemy

had done this, but one who wished them only good, and who certainly had a wonderful power, far beyond witches, which he was willing to impart to them without fee for witchcraft, of compelling their land to yield them greater increase.

The Corean youth, like his elder, loves to saunter through the streets, with long pauses at the corners, and is not much addicted to labor; he often becomes a bridegroom in his tenderest years, wearing a specially quaint head-gear to distinguish him from his fellows, with which work is quite inconsistent. The Corean generally is a brooder by profession; and sauntering and pausing at street corners, coupled with brooding, is not good for discontented souls. Better employment could be found, even from their own point of view, if the younger generation could be induced to work with profit to themselves. A Technical Institute, with arts and crafts classes, was therefore established in Seoul, where practical instruction is given in the simplest of the applied arts of the carpenter, the tinsmith, the leather worker, and in the manufacture, by way of beginning, of the simpler things, buckets, for example, which civilized folk have long used, and the Corean householder has long lacked, the net profits of sales going to the workman. Thus the Corean youth learnt the elementary truth that the best workman gets the best returns for his work. So here, again, in due course of simple lectures, the unskilled took the place of the skilled artisan, as he went out into the world of Seoul and sold his wares profitably; and here, again, there was no deception, no room for suspicion, no fee for witchcraft, and the Ito legend grew.

In the same spirit the Exhibition of Arts and Crafts was opened at Seoul in the autumn of 1907, at which the malevolent critic exercised his art and craft of scoffing to the full. For was

not the object of the Exhibition palpable—to impose Japanese goods on the unwilling Corean purchaser? Even if it were so, that purchaser would not make bad bargains, for, so at least some of us think, Japanese goods have many virtues. Taking the critic's estimate of the ulterior object, there was not much harm in it, and Japan in this would only have been following one of the ways of the world, which fosters commerce by all means, some more legitimate than others. But the real object of the Exhibition was twofold: to show the Coreans what the Japanese could do, and incite them to exhibit their own work and so foster its sale. It failed, almost of necessity, in this latter object, for I do not think that, with the exception of their specially tough floor-paper, there were any Corean exhibits. But the Government hopes for better things in the future, that the Corean cabinet-makers and brass-workers will exhibit in future Exhibitions, and the world become familiar with their wares. At first the number of visitors was not all that could be desired; but curiosity, fostered by those talks at street corners, came gradually to be excited, and during the closing days crowds of Coreans thronged the turnstiles, and the force of example, stronger than many precepts, may be looked to work by this means much good to the commerce of the country.

Prince Ito's direct attack on witchcraft, with which the country is literally gangrened, was through the medium of a hospital which he established on a healthy plain surrounded by pine trees in the environs of Seoul. Needless to say, it was up-to-date in all its appliances, and was liberally provided with a staff of proficient doctors and nurses. The Coreans could come or stay away as they liked; if they came they were treated with the same scrupulous care as the Japanese, for it was

a Corean, not a Japanese, institution. But compulsive necessity brought many and many a maimed peasant to its clean beds and well-ventilated wards, who, lying there helpless, had much time and much food for reflection. At first they wondered what special form of witchcraft was here at work on them. But gradually they appreciated the fact that the witches, in snow-white uniforms and with kindly faces, were gentler in their methods, certainly eased their pain more rapidly, than those to which they had been so long accustomed. They did unpleasant things sometimes against which they were too feeble to rebel, but it was often to the accompaniment of pleasant dreams than they had ever had before, which they seemed capable of evoking at will; and then the clean beds were pleasant to lie upon and induced restful sleep at nights. And when the time for leaving came, all the wonders which the new medicine-men had wrought were recounted to the family; so the poorest homes became centres whence the Ito legend spread, and the witch-power in the land was being gradually, slowly, it is true, but surely undermined. However slow the process of regeneration, so that it was effective, Ito never neglected any means of bringing it about, even though he knew that it wanted more than all that remained to him of his own life to compass it entirely.

And the Royal House, too, fell under the potency of the legend. Great dismay was caused in the breasts of the old Emperor and the Lady Om, when the idea was broached that the little Crown Prince should go to Japan to be educated: consternation when it was carried out, much fostered by the all-wise critic. Some said one thing—that he was to be held as a hostage for Corean good behaviour—and some said another: why Japanese education—the Prince ought undoubtedly to have been

sent to England! And his mother, the Lady Om, being in sore perplexity, called her familiar soothsayer, and, lining his purse with gold, bid him go to his mountain, consult the spirits and the stars, and report whether this thing should bring good or evil to her son. So the man retired to the mountain, and pondered what it were best for him to say; for he was wise enough to see among the signs of the times one which specially affected him: that the days of his witchcraft were nearly numbered, and that he had better add to his hoard without delay. So, the question being a delicate one, more time was necessary before the stars could give their answer; also more gold. Alas for the uncertainty of human calculations, a cable from the Crown Prince to his mother, telling her how much he was enjoying himself in Tokyo, and how gracious his reception had been by the members of the Imperial family of Japan, and sending an affectionate message to his own family, destroyed the power of the evil sayer of smooth things for ever. He now lives in peaceful but opulent retirement.

I must note one further recollection of those pleasant days in Seoul, which showed how consistent Prince Ito was in working out his personal policy of reconciliation. A wealthy citizen of the United States had devoted a considerable sum to the foundation of quarters in Seoul for the Young Men's Christian Association, but a large sum was still wanted for endowment. The principal tenet of that admirable body, an undenominational "Honour the King," appealed to the Resident-General. He realized that if it should get a hold on the minds of any considerable body of the rising generation of Coreans, it would be a powerful assistant in his policy of working to the general through the individual. He therefore gave the Association his personal

support, and persuaded the Corean Government to contribute largely to the endowment fund. But he made it very plain that the King he desired young Corea to honor was their own hereditary Sovereign.

The opening ceremony lives in my memory as it must in the minds of all who witnessed it. It was a brilliantly sunny afternoon, and all Seoul, seeing much bunting, turned out to see the show. The Corean loves shows; processions appeal greatly to his mind, chiefly because they mean at least two hours' rest from thoughts of labor, with loitering in the streets instead. But this show was to be somewhat remarkable, even for the dwellers in Seoul, for it had been bruted abroad that something out of the common was to be done, as indeed the display of bunting testified. Prince Ito had devised a little object-lesson for them. The idea had been conceived—I think the Prince had a good deal to do with it—that two corner-stones should be laid, instead of the usual foundation-stone, one by the Crown Prince, the other by himself. The dedication ceremony was much the same as it would have been in Europe, with hymns and prayers appropriate to the occasion, and speeches, of gift and acceptance, in which that duty of honoring the King was largely emphasized. In witness whereof, when both stones were well and truly laid, the little Crown Prince, in smart khaki uniform, stood by the veteran Resident-General (he was, in the family vernacular of the East, "Uncle" Ito even then to the boy), saluting the Corean national anthem. Around them white-clad Coreans, young and old, Bishop Turner in full canonicals, his clergy in surplices, and the frock-coated consular body, with the pennons of the guard of Japanese lancers fluttering in the breeze: as strange a concourse of people as the medley of music which the Imperial

Corean band performed. After the Corean came the Japanese national anthem, and after that again the "Hallelujah Chorus."

I do not think that the object-lesson failed in reaching some of the Corean crowd. Prince Ito was anxious to wean the Crown Prince from the fatal influence of the hangers-on of the Palace, and also, although he was barely twelve years old, that he should take his part in all public functions. The occasion of the Y. M. C. A. ceremony was an eminently appropriate one for him to take a leading part; and these two figures standing in the foreground of the picture personified to the Coreans their country under the friendly protection and guidance of the Japanese nation.

There was an element of the dramatic in Ito's nature, and to many critics but not too close observers of his methods, he seemed to have an inordinate love of display, an almost childish weakness for the decorations which the Sovereigns of all nations conferred upon him. Yet his outlook on the decorative side of his high position was eminently sane. In that position he took the keenest delight, knowing that he had triumphantly achieved it. And he looked upon decorations as if they really were orders of chivalry, the bestowal of them by foreign Sovereigns a token of their admiration of such an achievement. I remember him at a lunch given by the Italian Consul-General at Seoul in honor of the birthday of Queen Margharita. In proposing her health Ito made a charming little speech in English, displaying a perfect knowledge of the great human qualities which distinguished Her Majesty, recalling the days he had spent in Italy, and the cordial welcome he had received from the King and Queen. There was no trace of those baser elements which sometimes disfigure such speeches; he spoke of Sover-

eigns as he had won the right to speak of them, and in this case he rendered to the woman the homage of a gallant gentleman.

In the same spirit it delighted him to tell how the gift of their noblest orders had made him "cousin" to three Kings. But he was ever true to England, his early love. It pleased him to make my visit the occasion of a banquet at which all the Corean Ministers and Japanese officers of State were present. He spoke, for him at considerable length, in those same detached sentences, each preceded by its little spell of thought. By a curious coincidence the date was the twentieth anniversary of the day on which I had sailed for Japan, and he referred in more than friendly terms to the very humble part I had played in the making of the constitution. He sketched briefly the story of his early life, and the causes which led him to England; dwelt on the fascination which English constitutional doctrine had for him, and the necessity, which he had deemed vital, of introducing some of its principles into the constitution of his own country. But what he most desired to declare to a younger generation of Japanese, as well as to the Corean Ministers, was his admiration and unalterable affection for England, which had always been since his first welcome, and still was for him, his second country.

The position which Prince Ito held as a prophet full of honor among his own people was, I think, far removed from popularity—indeed he could hardly be described as popular. Nor would anyone have dreamt of applying to him such an epithet as "hero" or "empire-builder." His hold on the imagination of the people drew its strength from deep sources, for which the current banalities of these late years can find no word; for the men

who have been in like position are only to be numbered with the centuries. It is no party that mourns his untimely death; nor is it right even to say that all parties have laid aside their quarrels, as parties sometimes do in the presence of the Great Dead. The nation mourns, not as it would mourn a victorious soldier, but for the man in whom were united all those things which go to make the national character. Ito was Japan incarnate: in his persistent striving to attain the ideal which the men of his country in the ages past have created: in his observance of those knightly traditions which the generations of to-day obey: in meeting obstacles face to face, in that fearless plucking of the nettles of danger which turns them into means of safety: and, above all, in his loyal devotion to the throne, he rendered unconscious obedience to the law which has made these things instinctive to the nation, and has set the footsteps of its children on the perfect way.

He often thought of retiring to his home at Oslo; but he knew that he could not do so until his work was done, and, unless his Emperor released him, that he would die in harness. He perfectly realized, though it was not in his nature to talk of it, that his death might be a violent one, for he knew that his policy had not yet touched the traditional hatred which the advanced section of the Coreans perpetuate, and which to-day flames up into murder. The creeds of the East make it an article of faith that the good men do lives after them, and that their thoughts do not perish. In that faith he acted. To one who knew him as Chief and friend, the Ito legend is a great reality, standing outside policies. In the time to come, if his dream comes true of the two nations living as allies at peace, farmers who till their fertile soil, prosperous artisans, men and women whom the

doctors have healed, talking of the time when there was great strife and bitterness between their country and Japan, will tell their children of a great spirit of reconciliation which spread through the land, sowing the seeds of peace and happiness wherever it went. Through tribulation, nations, like men, sometimes come to great prosperity. If I am right in thinking

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that there are very many Coreans whom that spirit has touched, who mourn with Japan as for a friend, looking on his death as a common loss, then the murderer of Kharbin will have invested the Ito legend with such renewed vitality that the Prince himself would not have wished it otherwise.

F. T. Piggott.

A PAUPERS' RESTAURANT AND HOME.

"I am better off now than I ever was in my life before," an old man, with keen eyes and a much bewrinkled little face, informed me cheerily, in his broad Vienna dialect, the first time I was at Lainz.

"Ja, es geht uns ganz gut hier," another old fellow remarked, and there was not a man in the room but repeated his words, "Ja, ja, es geht uns ganz gut."

"Is your food to your liking?" I inquired; and again there was a chorus of "Ja, ja," accompanied this time by much chuckling; for it would be odd, as they told me, were it not to their liking, seeing that they had the choosing of it themselves.

A more contented little company I have never seen, nor a little company on better terms with themselves and the world at large. They welcomed me in the most friendly fashion, as hosts welcoming a guest; and when they heard that I had come all the way from England to see what their new home was like, they beamed with delight. For they are, as I soon discovered, immensely proud of this new home of theirs: there is not such another home in all Europe they are firmly convinced; not so beautiful a home, not a home in which the indwellers are so well cared for; and, above all, not a home in which they are so

well fed. One of them drew my attention to the comfortable chairs they have to sit on; another to the warm, well-fitting clothes they were wearing: "Were we burghers we could not be better dressed"; while they all seemed anxious I should note how well the room was heated, and what a beautiful view they had from their windows. "That is our Emperor's Thiergarten," they told me proudly, pointing to the great park that lies just beyond their own garden. "The Emperor is a near neighbor of ours, you see."

These old men were not only well clothed, but spick and span: their hair was well brushed, their collars were clean, and not a button was missing anywhere. Sitting there in their pretty green and white room, with its great balcony which catches every sun-ray, they might have been barons, so far as appearances went, if only they could have kept their poor battered old hands out of sight. Not but that most of them had on their faces those lines that tell of moiling and toiling and burden-bearing; just here and there among them, indeed, was a man with the look in his eyes that a close tussle with starvation leaves behind. For, notwithstanding their dignified appearance, notwithstanding, too, their cheerfulness and genial good manners, they were only poor old paupers, although

all Vienna would rise up in wrath were it to hear the word "pauper" applied to its old people at Lainz. These old people, by the way, cost the town only 1s. 5d, a day each, or 7d. a day less than our old workhouse inmates in London cost us. Yet both food and clothing are, if anything, dearer in Vienna than here.

Lainz is the old-age home the city of Vienna has built on land presented to it for the purpose by the Emperor Franz Josef. There nearly 3400 of its worn-out workers are not only well housed, well fed, well clothed, and well tended, but they are, so far as in them lies, made happy. It is a huge place; still there is nothing oppressive about its size; for it consists, not of one building, but of a series of buildings, detached pavilions, each one of which is a separate home, its inmates forming a separate community. There are homes for old men and homes for old women and homes for old married couples. There are homes for the sorely afflicted, too, for the very feeble, for those who are just waiting for the end to come; and there will soon be a hospital quite near at hand for those who need special treatment. There are no homes, however, it must be noted, for the drunken, the vicious, or the degraded; for Lainz was built as a refuge solely for respectable old folk; and if by mischance folk who are not respectable are admitted, they must conceal the fact that they are not on a par morally with those around them, and demean themselves as if they were. Otherwise they are speedily transferred to Mauerbach, the old-age home that is specially reserved for the less worthy of the town's *protégés*. Its goats as apart from its sheep. All Viennese, it must be remembered, who being above sixty years of age and in poverty, are too feeble to live alone, and have no relatives with whom they can live,

have the right to claim admission to an old-age home.

In addition to the pavilions in which the old people live there are other pavilions, of course; one in which the administration is carried on; another in which the nursing sisters live; another that serves as a laundry; another, again—and this the most interesting of all—that serves as a kitchen and restaurant combined. The pavilions are ranged on either side of a beautiful church on which money and thought have been lavished without stint. So gorgeous is it, indeed, with its purple and gold and dazzling white, its richly stained windows, embroidery and delicate tracery, that one would be inclined to look on it askance were it not that everything about it that smacks of luxury was a present, and did not cost the rate-payers one penny.

Before the church and the first row of pavilions there are two long terraces, parallel with each other; and there such of the inmates as can walk, but are too feeble to go further afield, totter about from seat to seat. Below the terraces is a large garden where in summer many of these old people spend a good deal of their time. Not but that they are for the most part free to go elsewhere if they choose. From seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night they may betake themselves just where they will, even to Vienna, always providing that they have in their pockets the three pennies wherewith to pay their fare, and that they have dressed themselves as neatly as the old gate-keeper, whose standard is a high one, thinks they ought to be dressed when on visiting bent. Some among them, it is true, are not allowed to go beyond the garden—those, for instance, whose names are on the doctor's special list, and those who, as the Director has learnt by experience, cannot safely be trusted to pass unscathed through

the temptations of the outside world—who might, perhaps, return from their excursion in a condition to cause scandal through yielding good-naturedly to the importunity of hospitable friends. Even these, however, although they may not pay visits, may receive them, every day, too, providing their visitors conduct themselves with propriety, and do not attempt to smuggle into the institution anything stronger than elderberry syrup. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, "at homes" by the dozen are held in the garden at Lainz; and the tramcar that goes there is thronged with men, women, and children on their way to see "*wie es geht mit den Alten*," as they say. And the poorest who go—those to whom buying a tram-ticket means leaving a dinner unbought—rarely go empty-handed. Most of them contrive to take with them some little offering—a new pipe, perhaps a book, a picture, a flower, just something to prove to those at Lainz that, out of sight though they be sometimes, they are never quite out of mind. And the old people thoroughly enjoy these little attentions: it is one of the prettiest sights in Austria, indeed, to see them entertaining their friends, so beamingly happy do they look. Little wonder even stingy ratepayers cannot find it in their hearts to grudge the money spent at Lainz, especially as they have only to use their eyes to know that for every penny spent a good return is obtained.

In the married couples' homes each man and wife have a little room of their own; while in the other homes two, three, or more of the inmates share a room. These rooms are regarded as the private property of those who are lodged there; and no one, excepting the caretaker, has the right to enter them without permission. On every floor, however, there are a large room and a long corridor which are fitted up as parlors, and these are the

joint property of all who live on that floor. In the room such of the inmates as are *en pension* have their dinner, tea, and supper; and in the corridor they all smoke or knit, as the case may be, read their newspapers or chat. The inmates who are not *en pension* have their meals, as a rule, at the kitchen restaurant; although they may, if they choose, have them elsewhere. For Vienna is keenly alive to the fact that if old people are to be made happy they must be allowed, so far as possible, to go their own way; and being determined that they shall be made happy, it insists on their being allowed to go their own way, even to the extent of buying their dinners where they choose and paying for them themselves. It provides them of course with the money wherewith to pay. It does more, indeed, for not only does it provide some of them with pocket-money, but it gives to all of them, excepting those on the special lists, opportunities of earning money for themselves. All who are able and willing to work are provided with work, and are paid for doing it. Some help with the house cleaning; others work in the garden; others, again, in the kitchen; while many of the old women knit, or sew, or give a helping hand with the mending. Their earnings are of course meagre, as meagre as is their strength; they range from 1*d.* a day to 8*d.*, the average being only some 2*d.* Still even 2*d.* a day is enough to secure many a little comfort, while the mere fact of being able to earn anything gives to them a pleasant feeling of independence, and makes them think they are of use in the world.

When an old man—or an old woman—arrives at Lainz, he is allowed, unless he be on the invalid list, to choose whether he will have his food provided for him, or have a money allowance wherewith to provide it for himself. If he decide to have the food, every morn-

ing at seven o'clock a roll with coffee, cocoa, milk, or soup is brought to him in his own room. At eleven dinner is served, and this consists of soup, meat, vegetables, and a sweet. At half-past two he has his afternoon tea, or rather coffee, with cakes, and at half-past five—six in summer—he has supper, soup with either vegetables or a pudding. He receives in addition two-fifths of a penny a day as pocket-money.

If he decides to cater for himself he may do so either entirely or in part. If he provide all his own meals, he receives an allowance of 5 1-5d. a day. If he prefers to have his breakfast and dinner provided for him, and to buy his own afternoon coffee and supper, he receives 1 3-5d. a day, while if he provides only his own supper he receives 1 1-10d. A sharp watch is kept over the inmates who cater for themselves, and if it is found that they spend their money unwisely—too much of it on coffee, beer, or tobacco, and too little on wholesome food—they forfeit their allowance and are placed on rations. The very feeble are always on rations, their menu being drawn up for them by their doctor.

The inmates who are on full rations—and they are the great majority—have all their meals, excepting breakfast, sent in air-tight boxes direct from the kitchen to their own parlor. There their meals are served to them by their own attendant and an assistant from the kitchen. These officials have strict orders to treat the old people, not only with kindness, but with deference, to study their tastes and wishes, and to try in all ways to gratify them. And woe betide them if they fail to do so; for the fact is sure to be reported by some one or other to the Burgomaster, and then they are soon packed off. As for those who buy their own food, they as a rule go for their meals to the restaurant attached to the kitchen; for it does not take them long to discover

that they can obtain considerably more for their money there than elsewhere, no matter where the elsewhere may be. Were it otherwise they would certainly not fare so extremely well as they do on their 5 1-5d. a day.

This Lainz restaurant is a proof of the wonders that may be done by a skilful economical caterer with the help of a good cook. It is worked together with the kitchen by a manager under the close surveillance of the Director and the doctors, one of whom must taste the food every day before it is served. All the materials used are of the best quality, and every dish is carefully prepared and flavored to a nicety. I have seen as dainty a little luncheon served there as one need wish to eat—served, too, at a price that made one wonder more than ever what can become of the money spent on food in some of our English workhouses and workhouse infirmaries. For, although at the Lainz restaurant the price of every dish is exactly what it costs—the cost of the materials it contains, plus five per cent. of that cost for kitchen expenses—so low are the prices that these old people, for whose benefit the place is maintained, are able to buy there as much wholesome, appetizing food as they can eat. Yet their allowances are only 5 1-5d. a day each, it must be remembered, and out of that they have to provide themselves with pocket-money as well as with food. Then not only can they obtain good food and plenty of it, in spite of their having only such a pittance, but they can vary it from day to day, if such be their desire; for they have, as their bill of fare shows, dishes innumerable to choose from in ordering their dinner. Although of course every dish on the list is not provided every day, an extraordinarily large number of them are always to be had.

Of all the official documents issued in Vienna from time to time this Lainz

bill of fare is one of the most interesting. It is a quite wonderful document, indeed, in its way; for never was there a bill of fare containing such a variety of dishes at such low prices. I give it verbatim in the hope that some of our workhouse caterers may find time to study it.

VIENNA OLD-AGE HOME AT LAINZ.

Tariff.	Quantity.	Price.
Clear Soup	½ pint	1-5d.
Vegetable Soup	½ pint	½ d.

MEAT DISHES.

Roast Veal	5¼ oz.	4 1-5d.
Hashed Veal	5¼ oz.	4 1-5d.
Veal Cutlet	—	4 1-5d.
Roast Pork	5¼ oz.	4 1-5d.
Roast Beef	5¼ oz.	4 1-5d.
Roast Hare	—	4 1-5d.
Broiled Beef	—	4 1-5d.
Boiled Ham	3½ oz.	4d.
Minced Veal	4 1-5 oz.	3 1-5d.
Beef Gollasch with Onions and Greens	4 1-5 oz.	3 1-5d.
Veal Gollasch	4 1-5 oz.	3 1-5d.
Pork Gollasch	4 1-5 oz.	3 1-5d.
Smoked Pork	—	3 1-5d.
Veal with Rice	—	3 1-5d.
Roast Mutton	—	3 1-5d.
Irish Stew	—	3 1-5d.
Leveret	—	3 1-5d.
Boiled Beef	4 1-5 oz.	3 1-5d.
Salami	2 1-10 oz.	2 7-10d.
Fried Liver	—	2½d.
Fried Kidney	—	2½d.
Brains with Egg	—	2½d.
Boiled Beef	2 4-5 oz.	2 1-10d.
Boiled Chitterlings	—	2 1-10d.
Baked Calf's Head and Feet	—	2 1-10d.
Baked Fish	—	2 1-10d.
Augsburg Sausages	—	2d.
Frankfurt Sausages with Horseradish	—	2d.
Pickled Pork	—	1 1-10d.
Cold Sausage	1¾ oz.	1d.
Brain Sausage	—	1d.

VEGETABLES.

Ordinary Vegetables	Portion.	7-10d.
Green Salad	Portion.	1 1-10d.

PUDDINGS.

Tariff.	Quantity.	Price.
Ordinary Puddings	Portion.	1d.
Sweets	Portion.	2d.
Boiled Puddings	Portion.	½d.

SPECIAL DISHES.

Boiled Eggs according to the season	Each	3-5—4-5d.
Omelette (2 Eggs)	—	2d.
Stewed Plums or Apples	1-3 pint	1 1-10d.
Butter	½ oz.	3-5d.
Cheese	3½ oz.	2d.
Cheese	1¾ oz.	1d.
Curds	—	1-5d.
Bread-and-Butter	—	4-5d.

BEVERAGES.

Tea	½ pint	1d.
Coffee (Black or with Milk)	½ pint	4-5d.
Milk	½ pint	4-5d.
Sour Milk	½ pint	4-5d.
Bread	—	1-5d.
Roll	—	3-10d.

To think of poor old paupers sitting in a pretty dining-room, at neatly laid little tables, pondering as to whether they will have soup or fish, veal cutlet, roast hare, liver, kidney, calf's head, or brain sausage; and taking counsel together as to which is the better worth having, a salad, or a sweet, curds and whey, or a cup of coffee. To think, too, that all these little luxuries, in which the Lainz old people revel, cost less than the solid bunches of beef which in certain of our London workhouses the poor old inmates are reduced to gnawing. If an old man has soup, calf's head, vegetables, noddle pudding, and bread for his dinner, all that it costs him is 3 7-10d.; while if he be content to have brain sausage—a favorite dish—instead of calf's head, it costs him only 2 2-5d. And in the one case as in the other he dines well, on food that he can eat, even though he has not a tooth in his head; on food, too, that is cooked by an expert, and

with a nice consideration for his taste. Little wonder he goes about with a contented air and faces the world cheerily.

The portions of food served at the Lainz restaurant are but small, it is true: $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of beef, mutton, or veal—and that is counted a large portion—does not make much show when lying on a plate; and a great, strong navvy would, no doubt, scoff at it were it offered to him after a hard day's toil. But at Lainz there are no great, strong navvies, no hard toilers. On the contrary, there are only feeble old men and women who, having done their work in life, have joined the ranks of the onlookers—a point which must be borne well in mind in judging of the supply of food there. And for feeble, old onlookers even $5\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of anything solid is probably more than they can digest; for what they require, so far as food is concerned, is quality, not quantity. A single ounce of something they can eat and enjoy—something soft and savory—does them more good than a pound of anything too hard for their stumps of teeth, and not piquant enough for their taste. This is a fact which our workhouse managers seem quite unable to comprehend, unluckily alike for workhouse inmates and for ratepayers.

There is hardly an old woman in an English workhouse who does not receive twice as much solid food every day as she can possibly eat. I have seen again and again both old men and old women leave on their plates a good half of the dinners dealt out to them; I have seen, too, old women smuggle the whole of the beef given them into their pockets, in the hope, perhaps, of being able to eat it unseen later in the day. More food is wasted in many a workhouse, in the course of a week, than at Lainz in the course of a year. Were there any real waste at all indeed at Lainz, it would be quite

impossible either to sell good food at the price at which it is sold in the restaurant, or to provide it for the inmates who are on full rations at the cost at which it is provided. For the full cost of the food of these old people; the cost of their morning coffee and roll; their dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, and pudding; their afternoon coffee and cake; and their supper of soup and vegetables or pudding is only 6d. per head a day.

To be able to feed the inmates at Lainz so extremely well as they are fed, at so small a cost as 6d. a day each, is certainly a triumph in its way, one of which Vienna has good reason to be proud, especially as it is due solely to skilful organization and good management. Food of the same quality and quantity could hardly be provided at double the cost were it not that the commissariat at Lainz is worked together with commissariat of all the Poor-law institutions in Vienna; were it not also that the working of it is entirely in the hands of trained officials, experts in catering and cooking, who know exactly where the cheapest and best materials are to be obtained, and how they can be used most profitably. If these old people who dine well, nay, daintily, every day cost the Vienna ratepayers less for their food than some of our poorly fed workhouse inmates cost us, it is simply because their commissariat is organized on strict business lines, and is worked entirely by business men; whereas the commissariat of our workhouses is as a rule not organized at all, and is worked by amateurs, who may perhaps know nothing whatever about the value of provisions, although they have sometimes, unluckily for ratepayers, friends who are provision merchants. Were contracts given out by the officials in Vienna in the reckless fashion in which they are sometimes given out by Boards of Guardians here, were ama-

teurs left to do the catering there as they are here, and the first-comer to do the cooking, either the old people's fare would soon become more meagre, or the ratepayers would find their burden waxing still more heavy. Provisions, it must not be forgotten, are every whit as dear in Vienna as in London; it can therefore be owing only to the skill with which the buying is done, and the infinite trouble that is taken with the cooking, that all these savory little dishes are provided at the price at which they are provided at Lainz.

Vienna has in addition to Lainz five other old-age homes; and they, instead of each being worked separately, as our workhouses are, are all worked together with Lainz and the other Poor-law institutions, a fact which in itself contributes in a marked degree to keep down not only kitchen expenses, but expenses of every kind. What percentage could "Lyons" pay, one wonders, were each Lyons' shop worked separately. Although each institution has, of course, its own staff, the staffs of all the institutions are under the direction, surveillance, and control of a section of the Magistrat, i.e. the paid expert officials whom the Municipality appoint to carry on for them the business of the town. One of the Magistrat, the Institutions' Director, is personally responsible to the Burgomaster, and through him to the ratepayers, for every penny that is spent at Lainz, as at all the old-age homes and other institutions for the adult poor; and the manager of each institution is responsible to him for the work of that institution. As the Director goes about from home to home he is able to compare the expenditure of one with that of another, and thus to detect at once if there is waste, or if in any way things are going wrong. If any of the inmates have complaints to make against the home officials, they make them to

him; while if any either of the inmates or the officials have complaints to make against him, they send them to the Burgomaster, through a letter-box which he may not touch, and which is so placed that they can slip their letters into it unnoticed. Once a month the Director holds a meeting at Lainz for the purpose of talking things over with the doctors, the manager, and the clergyman, and of listening to any suggestions they may have to make. Inmates who wish to come and talk things over with him are free to do so on these occasions, and he makes a point of listening with attention to any suggestions they may offer, and of acting on them whenever he can.

The Magistrat provide whatever is required at Lainz, boots and shoes as well as pots and pans and soap. As the supplies are bought for all the institutions together, and therefore in huge quantities, they are obtained of course at a much lower price than they could be obtained were they bought for each institution separately. Besides, owing to the scale on which they do their business, the Magistrat are able to provide each institution with exactly what it requires; and, being experts in their work, they know exactly what it does require, and what quantity. There is practically no chance, therefore, of provisions or anything else being either wasted or purloined as perquisites. There is no chance either of the drafting in of articles of inferior quality being connived at. The Commission system, which has wrought such havoc with rate-payers' money in some English unions, could not exist at Lainz, as the officials who work the home have no voice in deciding where its supplies shall come from—they do not as a rule even know where they do come from.

The full cost per head at Lainz is 1s. 5d. a day; and of this, 6d. covers, as we have seen, the cost of food, while

5d. pays the rent, i.e. the interest on the money spent on building and furnishing the institution. The remaining 6d. goes in buying clothes and other necessaries for the inmates, in heating and lighting the institution, and keeping it up generally, in defraying the laundry expenses, and in paying the salaries of the officials and servants, and the grant to the Nursing Sisters who are attached to the hospital and infirmary pavilions. Five pence per head for rent is of course a heavy charge, one out of all proportion to the 6d. for food, and the other 6d. for everything else. The blame for this, however, does not rest in the Director or his officials; homes that would have served their purpose equally well might have been built at two-thirds of the cost of Lainz, had not Vienna allowed its love of sumptuous mansions to get the better of its economy. If on the one hand the charge for housing be high, on the other, the charge for administration is extremely low. The full expenditure at Lainz the year I was there was 82,250*l.* The expenditure on provisions was 25,571*l.*, on lighting and heating 6,489*l.*, on clothes, bed linen, &c., 4,174*l.*, while on administration, i.e. salaries of officials, wages, and rations of servants, exclusive of the grant to the Nursing Sisters, it was 6,007*l.*, or only 7 1-3 per cent. of the whole expenditure. Thus this huge institution, where there were then some 3,330 old people, most of whom were in feeble health, living in great comfort, is administered at a less cost than many a third-rate English workhouse. Of the money spent on indoor relief in London, 64 per cent. goes in defraying the cost of administration.

Administration at Lainz would undoubtedly be a much heavier charge than it is, were it not that, as all the inmates are respectable, or at any rate demean themselves as if they were, there is no necessity for officials to

maintain order among them. There is only one attendant on each floor; and he, or she, must, besides taking care of the old people, keep all the rooms on the floor clean with such help as they choose to give him. Inmates requiring special nursing are lodged in the hospital or the infirmary pavilion, where they are taken charge of by the Sisters.

There are old-age homes in Austria, where the cost per head is lower than at Lainz, where it ranges from 1*s.* to 1*s. 2d.* a day; but there is no home, so far as I know, where a better return is obtained for the money as a whole that is spent there. For at Lainz the old people are certainly well cared for in all ways; not only are they well fed and well clothed, but they are well watched over and kept out of harm's way when in health, and are nursed both skilfully and tenderly when ill. What is more important still, perhaps, they are humored and much made of, their prejudices are respected, and heed is paid to their individual likes and dislikes and wishes. All this entails much trouble of course on the officials, much taking of thought; but it entails no expense on the ratepayers. 1*s. 5d.* per head a day is not too high a price to pay, surely, for securing peace and comfort in their latter days for worthy old men and women who are resting only because they no longer have the strength to work. The most worthless of old paupers in a London Union costs his fellows some 2*s.* a day, unless he chance to be in the infirmary ward, in which case he costs them considerably more.

We should be the gainers not the losers even financially, it must be noted, were we to act on the advice given both in the Majority Report and the Minority of the Poor Law Royal Commission, and transfer all the decent old folk, who are now living miserably in workhouses, to old-age homes, where they would have the chance at

any rate of living happily. We might even, without being one penny the poorer, organize in every home a restaurant as at Lainz, and thus secure for the inmates the never-failing satisfaction of ordering their own dinners. And what a difference these homes, if we had them, would make to the respectable poor. As things are, even old-age pensioners, when too feeble to live alone, must, unless they have relatives with whom they can live, go to the workhouse, where life is for them

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a burden almost too heavy to be borne. And among the class to which old-age pensioners belong, it is the many, not the few, who are "alone-standing." I once took a census of the inmates of the Kensington Workhouse who were above sixty-five years old. There were 685 of them, and out of the 528 whom I questioned on the subject, only nine had relations with whom they could have lived had they each had a pension of 5s. a week.

Edith Sellers.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK VI.

CRISIS.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIN THAT HATH NEVER FORGIVENESS.

A fortnight had elapsed. The anteroom of the Convent on that early forenoon in late July was the scene of as many curiosities, pleasurable wonders, reserved admirations, and mute surprises as ten male bosoms are capable of sustaining.

The senior majors of the regiments in garrison were there to report to their commander-in-chief the morning states of their commands as shown upon the parades just dismissed.

There was Stokes of the Artillery, and Jessop of the 56th, Kellett of the 39th, and de Sélincourt of De la Motte's, Menzies of the 73rd (McLeod's), and others, good men and true, who were to stand starkly enough in the testing time that was at hand, but whose names have small meaning to-day. Among them was one whom we have seen before and whom we shall have more to do with anon.

They had come in twos and threes, expecting nothing out of the common. Conceive, then, their surprise at find-

ing themselves forestalled, the *levée* not yet opened, the door of the Governor's room closed to them, and His Excellency reported to be in conference with a merchant captain and some civilian. So said the Governor's orderly, adding in an undertone that a third member of the party was still awaiting an audience; the man's eye decorously directing his interrogator to a corner occupied by a lady.

A lady, no less. Now, ladies were few at Gibraltar and, as it happened, not one of the ten majors was married. A lady—the bluff masculine greetings bandied about the room in the modulated tones demanded by that closed door were made and were succeeded by a self-conscious pause in the conversation, a hiatus which extended to a helpless silence, absurd and banal, for which each of the ten fell silently to blaming the other nine. Muted voices came from the inner room; the minutes ran, yet none spake; nor did the lady's dropped veil and downcast eyes afford an opening, whilst with this petticoated stranger for auditor it seemed indecorous to moot a besieged garrison's one subject

of conversation—the price of beef.

A lady, obviously young, and graciously shaped, and almost certainly pretty, nay beautiful; every man of them whose seat permitted him to use his eyes without offence was ready to swear that the lady was a beauty. (Would she but raise her veil!) The softly rounded and delicately tinted cheek impressed by her little hand gave warrant for the inference: so did the fineness of the neck beneath the ear, and the ear itself, overhung by one curling tendril of dark hair, setting off its translucency and modelling, just the perfect double spiral, suggestive of a fallen elm-leaf. Ah, men, men! How each of those good fellows sate thinking his own thoughts and cursing his luck, and shyly looked and softly longed, wishing everything were wholly different, and that she, and that he, and . . . for this lady sitting there so stilly, cheek upon hand, and with eyes that never were lifted, was sad, as it seemed, and was without doubt one of those woman-creatures whom our Lord God, the Master Potter, throws but once in a way, and who, when they come from His wheel, whether they will or no, stir the pulses of every man who looks upon them.

And still the voices came dully from behind the door.

Then from outside too came sounds, a softly whistled air, an Irish quick-step, and the ponderous but elastic tread of a strong and heavy man; the eleventh major, Boyle of Hardenberg's Hanoverians, strode into the room, and glanced about him.

The lady in her corner started and raised her eyes; he, coming as he came from the brightness without, noticed nothing, but the rest saw that she had lifted her veil and had arisen, and was moving from her corner towards the last comer, with outstretched, tremulous hands and the quick, small steps of the timid—"Con!" Her voice filled

the room, its vibrant contralto thrilled all hearers like a plucked harpstring. The hearts of ten of the men rose to their throats. "*Husband!*" she cried, low yet piercingly: it was now the G string of a fine violin beneath the bow of a master, an appealing crescendo. It was borne in upon the hearts of the ten that here was a tragedy. But the actor whose cue it manifestly was made strange work of his part. The man's great jowl drew forward, his brows came together and darkened, his eyes sparkled, his cheeks crimsoned. With an unpardonable oath he swung upon his heel, giving the lady his shoulder as he sought to leave the room. She, on her part, had reached him, had him by the sleeve, by the skirt as he shook himself free. He stepped back, dragging her with him: upsetting her balance, she was now upon her knees, her beautiful face awork and pleading, her white column of throat convulsed. And all this had befallen in some five ticks o' the clock.

"As strange a story as ever I listened to," said the Governor, and indulged himself with snuff. His Excellency was a large, bluff-faced, strongly-built man in middle life, Scotch by descent, by degree a baronet of the United Kingdom, and a General by rank, and, by the providence of Almighty God, at this moment in charge of the Rock of Gibraltar for King George, the third of the name. What was his outward seeming in later life when, famous and ennobled, you may see for yourself by studying the great Reynolds in the National Gallery. "The brick-red Titan with the Key," men call it, and, certes, it has given many of us the impression that though force or fate might conceivably have torn arm from shoulder, or hand from wrist, while life lasted that key neither should, might, nor could in any wise be wrenched, twisted, or cut

from its holder's grip. At the time of his coming into this my story he was neither great nor famous, nor with any prospect of being Lord Heathfield and a hero for all time. Nor to his immediates did he seem at the first sight especially heroic. Yet, as a good horse will run in any shape, so will your heaven-sent leader approve himself, if given his opportunity, in any form, even the homeliest. This, for example, which appealed to men as merely a large-boned North-Briton with an eye, later, with a temper also, and a rigorous curb upon it. Little by little, had you served under him during that awesome four-years siege, the real greatness of his soul would have been manifest, disengaging itself from the accidentals of form and garb, until he, who had started as a silent disciplinarian with some powers of concentration, towered at the last above his contemporaries as the incarnation of stubborn endurance, imperceptible patience, and inexhaustible resource.

"A strange story," he repeated, and closed the lid of his box, regarding quizzically the man before him, a squat, square, sea-bronzed sailor, master of a brig, which had been reported as lost, but had made the harbor that morning some days after the arrival of the convoy of which she had formed a member. Personal belongings of his own formed part of her cargo. The case was not free from suspicion; 'twas war-time, and the Governor did well to be suspicious. He fingered this as he fingered all clues; the safety of his charge might depend upon his sagacity in reading riddles. Beside the mariner stood a youth attesting his narrative, and with a story and claims of his own.

"My man, ye were reported to me as taken by the Moors under cover of fog, which agrees with your own account. His Majesty's marine gave ye

small help, as I gather. But ye retook your ship, which was commendable; but, having done so, ye tell me that ye most foolishly and unjustifiably put the pirates ashore. What, man. 'Tis unbelievable! But that your turning up again proves your tale, none would credit ye. Ma conscience! Such doings smell of Bedlam. What said your company? Oh, they mutinied, did they? Small blame to 'em. And how got ye your friends ashore single-handed? What? This gentleman and yourself manned your boat and a lady passenger steered! Now, why, in Heaven's name, in place of running upon such risks, did ye not bring the rogues to me to hang?"

"I sorter reckon, Sir George—friend, I would say, as every man dew best in's own country," replied Furley.

The Governor stared. "Sir, ye are plainly one of God Almighty's own jackasses, and I'll waste no words on ye." He purpled grimly, and sipped his toast-and-water. (An abstemious man, Elliott, who, knowing himself of a choleric disposition, dined rigorously, and practised vegetarianism.)

"As for you, young sir, I know not what to make of ye. My last advices from Falmouth came by a fast Packet that sailed a week behind this convoy, and are to the effect that Ensign John Chisholm was drowned in the stranding of the transport *Mary of Shereham*. Against that is the statement of the captain of the *Paladin* frigate that ye reported yourself to him by signal whilst at sea. Against that again I have the story of the first-lieutenant of the *Snorter*, who saw your brig adrift with her decks in possession of pirates yet here ye present yourself alive, free, and whole. Ma conscience! Ye have as many lives as a cat, and should go far, sir. I hardly know how to deal with ye, for ye come before me wanting everything — commission, arms, uniforms, ay, and the squad of

reliefs which ye commanded." The lad quaked for his future, the great man hemmed and scrawled something with a quill. "By your Master's story ye can obey orders. Take this to the Lieut-Col. McKenzie at his quarters, and report yourself for duty. Heh! What's this?"

A tremulous, high-pitched wail had pierced the closed door; it came from the anteroom.

"A woman," said Sir George testily. "I want no women here."

"'Tis a young female, sir; the lady as I was telling ye on—a gal, sir, as I've giv a passage to. She be a-seekin' of her husband, sir; a Major Tighe," began Furley.

The Governor was making for the door; Chisholm, his pulses hammering, held it open. The room beyond was crowded with men in uniform awaiting audience; it was ringing with a woman's cries, bitter, heart-broken wails. She was upon her knees, clinging to the skirt of a tall and magnificent soldier, whose face displayed the liveliest emotions of anger and confusion, and who, whilst trying ineffectually to release himself and silence the girl, was furiously protesting in dumb show and again beneath his breath, that he knew her not, nor had ever set his eyes upon her previously.

"In the sight of my Maker, I swear —" hissed the man; but the girl was not to be out-faced.

"Con, dear! Oh, Mr. Tighe! Major, darling. Oh, my dear, don't risk your poor soul upon such a wicked lie. Ye are my husband! Ye know ye are!"

"Faith, madam, I know nothing of the sort, and never to my knowledge —" The man's countenance was distorted and congested with rage. Since the recognition on the voyage he had looked for some kind of scene at its end, but the welcome news that Sue's ship had been taken had lifted

the load from his mind; all was yet to go well; his luck was a wonder. Judge of his feelings, you, when on almost the first occasion of reporting the morning-state of his regiment he found himself confronted and claimed by his wife, in the embarrassing presence of near a dozen men of his rank. The emergency found him resourceless; he had handled it amiss from the first word. Instead of leading the lady politely aside, he had let himself be startled into heat, and had brutally repulsed her, ay, and with injurious expressions. He had set the room against him from the moment he had opened his lips. Whatever the lady might be, she was not, and could not have been, what he coarsely charged her with being. For some five minutes before his arrival, her beauty, grace, and modest carriage had been winning the hearts of the men. Too late Boyle recognized his mistake; but saw no way to amend it. Time was running against him, priceless moments; unless these cries could be silenced before that door opened, the situation would be more than awkward. Oh, to throttle and beat! Impossible! The watching ring saw both in the man's blood-shot eye and stood ready to intervene.

But the door had opened. "Silence here!" boomed the deep voice of authority. Every man in the apartment saluted, even the perplexed and savage Boyle; only the woman disobeyed. She, oblivious of all save that she had found her master, knelt and clung and sobbed her passionate entreaties.

The Governor, a man whom no mischance of warfare could disconcert, was for one moment taken aback. He bent a swift, keen glance upon the pair, and decided (what he had just heard from Furley helping him) that here was no art, but a piece of nature; one of the two at least was not acting. The posture was the posture of womanhood in dire distress, the voice

was the voice of a lady. A busy man, with a great charge upon him, he was yet human, and was sensible of some natural curiosity to make acquaintance with the heroine of an adventure wherein a woman had stood beside her captain when his crew flinched.

"Release him, madam; I will hear you. Bring her within."

Blinded by stinging tears, Sue saw nothing, nor was capable of hearing reason; but Furley's hands were laid upon hers with gentle insistence. His proximity calmed her; she could trust him.

"Cast him loose, my gal; His Honor bids thee. He'll listen to us, an' do thee right, never fear!" Lifting her to her feet, he drew her hand within his arm.

The door of the inner room closed upon the matter—a suit matrimonial preferred at a moment's notice. Who would be Governor upon such terms? Who would *not* with such women about? Within the anteroom nine men out of the ten turned wide-eyed and open-mouthed to one another for explanation, corroboration, and sympathy. It was no business of theirs, but the cry of a woman, and such cries, are the business of every man within call; and nine tongues wagged softly. But the tenth major sat silent, a small, neat-handed, well-groomed man, whom we recognize as our friend Wade Justin. He sat hearing only his own heart knock whilst the room buzzed softly around him. "He said," "She said," "My word, how he looked!" "Lord, what a figure!" He caught never a word of it, having all his wits to hold himself together, to command hands and lips, whilst over and over within the back of a whirling brain the question, "*Is it possible?*" ran round and round like a wheel, and over and under it the words, "*So like, so like!*", tickled

on and on like a death-watch in an empty house at midnight. For all that he knew he might have been alone in the anteroom. When the lady had raised her veil Justin had caught his breath; when her soft contralto call had pulsed across the room, the blood had flown to his head; voice, eye, face, figure, had brought him to his feet with his heart in his mouth, had swept away the mists of seventeen years and shown him again, as in a swift, waking dream, the lost love of his youth. He had hovered, watchful and tense, upon the verge of speech and action during those hot moments of claim and denial, watching baffled affection beating itself to death against the spikes of brute selfishness. Surmising much, fettered by his ignorance, he had hardly restrained himself, and now knew that he had done well.

The Governor motioned the weeping girl to a chair. Furley and Chisholm steadied her into it: her agitation was piteous. The three men remained standing, the two upon Sue's either hand, the one as far from her as his dignity and the arrangements of the room permitted.

"And now, madam," said Elliott, "I will thank you to explain yourself; say what ye have to say, and as briefly as possible."

"Before these—civilians, Sir George?" demurred Boyle.

"As I understand the matter, sir, they are the lady's attestors. Am I right?"

"She can't dew wi'aut me," drawled Furley, still holding the lady's hand in his immense paw. "Cheer up, my gal!" This last in a gruff whisper audible to all.

"*'Can't do?*" and why? Pardon me, Sir George, but this is like to be a ticklish matter for a man in my service. This injurious claim, ridiculous

though it be, touches me very closely, and I fail to see what interest it can have to persons who are utter strangers to me."

"Do ye stick to that?" asked the Governor, observing repudiation leap simultaneously to the eyes of both the lady's backers.

"I do, sir."

"Then there yew be a point or tew off yar course, bor, as I'll precious soon show ye," drawled Furley.

"I have messed wi' Major Boyle a guid few times," said Chisholm guardedly.

Boyle snorted indignantly. "I doubt it, but it might be. I cannot recall the face of every subaltern in the service."

"They will remain, sir," said the Governor. "If ye can rebut the lady's charge, whatever it may be, their presence here will have done ye good rather than harm. Now, madam."

Sue had in some measure recovered herself; she was a girl of spirit. If the suddenness of the occasion in the anteroom had taken her unawares, she knew well that it now behoved her to fight with dignity and courage.

Palpitating she was, tingling and almost physically sore from the vehemence of her husband's rebuff, and as exquisitely mortified as a woman of delicate nurture must be who, surprised and carried beyond herself by love's urgency, has bared, as it were, her very bosom's warmth and secret tenderness to the man of her heart, only to find herself spurned with insults; and this in the presence of male strangers; his friends belike. She shut her eyes tightly, and shuddered inwardly like a guilty thing at the thought of the indignity, the exposure of it. What must those gentlemen think of her?

The Governor's voice hummed in her ears; there was a sort of human comfort in it; he seemed a fatherly old person. Rallying at the pressure of Fur-

ley's great hand, and conscious of young Chisholm at her side, she drew the tattered rags of her womanly pride around her stripped shoulders, called dumbly upon her Maker, and opened her eyes. She had raised her veil, her little hands were a-work in her lap, her lovely countenance flushed and wet with tears, but with a steady voice she preferred her case. "He is my husband, sir; Major Cornelius Tighe is his name. I made his acquaintance in the stage, whilst travelling from Chester to London last December; the twelfth it was. My aunt had died; I was on my way to live with another aunt——"

"Yes, yes, come to the point," urged Sir George, with some natural impatience of details.

"And he was very civil, kind, indeed; and when we got to London it was all strange to me, for I was not met, and it was dark, and the hackney coachman was drunk and tried to have my purse. Also he took me to the wrong house, and oh, they told me it was my aunt's house, and that she was just buried. What made them tell such wicked lies I don't know, for it was some other woman's house, and she would not let me stop even for one night, sir. And Con. I mean Major Tighe, who happened to be passing—I don't know how, but he was, and had saved me from the coachman and beaten him—Con, sir, would have it that there was nothing for it but I must marry him at once, that very minute. He could give me the protection of his name, he said. And just then a clergyman happened to come in, and he said so too, and I was bewildered and lost, sir; and I am an orphan, and they were all round me at once, and it seemed so improper to pass the night in the street—all in the dark; and—and—and—I let the clergyman do it. Was I wrong?" She bent her head and wept gently.

"And ye are sure that this is the person?" asked the Governor.

"Oh, quite—quite sure. How can I doubt it? He was my husband. We lived together for—how long was it, Con? Weeks! And you were kind to me at first. Oh, Con, you know! But why did ye spend all my money and leave me? Why do ye deny me?"

And again that wonderful contralto moved all hearts in the room—save one.

"But I do deny it, madam," said Boyle hardily, coming forward with a stride and half turning to the Governor, who regarded him closely, and after a momentary pause asked whether he denied the marriage merely, or every circumstance of the lady's story.

"Every single circumstance, Sir George. I solemnly assure ye I have never set eyes upon the leedy until ten minutes back. There is no particle of truth in her tale, so far as regards myself, I mean—for I wish to spare the young person if it be possible. 'Tis plainly a case of misteeken identity. To begin with, my name is not Tighe."

"But your Christian name is, as I think, Cornelius?" remarked the Governor.

"A coincidence, merely, Sir George. The name is a common one in Ireland."

"But if yewr name was not Tighe, whoy did ye call yewrself Tighe when yew went and merried this here young female?" asked Furley, laying the lines upon the table. "I was there, yewr warship—m'lord—my friend, I should say. They called me in out o' the strit to give the gal away. I see her goo inter the house; I see this man a-follerin' of her. She sim'd a bit scairt, for she stuck her little head outer winder and sorter shruck tew me for help. Soo, in I gooed, and sorter saw fair play. 'Twere done t' rights, so far as I could make out; oh, the chap were a passon right enough. This here man promised this an' that, and there was a ring; and he sim'd to make out as

how he done it all out o' the goodness and pity of his heart. But I'd my spiclions; and—I say," wheeling suddenly upon Boyle, "d'jew remember what I says tew ye jes' afore yew left the house wl' this here lady?"

"I tell ye I've never met you before, my good man," replied Boyle blandly.

Without change of face, Furley crossed the room and took the amazed Irishman by the wrists. "Now, does thee rec'lect me?" The men's eyes met and remained as it were in contact, whilst their bodies rocked, and it was the bold, hard eye of the soldier that flinched first.

Many a time had Boyle beaten down an enemy's glance; few had found themselves able to endure the menace of his haughty stare when it pleased him to assume the bully, but now, and almost for the first time, the man found himself unable to meet the uncompromising thrusts of those steel-gray daggers which stabbed his brain from under the sea-captain's bushy brows.

The paralyzing stricture of his adversary's grip infuriated him, whilst distracting his attention; it broke upon him that here was his master; that this was a man who could have killed him with his naked fists. He blenched, and knew that he blenched, and that the Governor watched him, and noted.

The gage had been thrown down, picked up, and the duel fought and won in the space of three ticks of the Governor's clock.

"Sir George, what does this mean?" protested Boyle, after one vehement but ineffectual effort to free himself.

"Release him, Master, and stand back," bade the Judge. The burly, oaken-faced seaman obeyed. "The larst time as I had that there feller in the bilboes that way was when he'd a-got a jarvey down and seemed o' harf a mind for to diew for him. Oh, he rec'lects *me* right enough; don't ye, bor?

. . . No? . . . Ah, yah, I dew sim tew fare tew wish as yew'd *try* tew spik the trewth. Dint yew ship south by the brig, *Mary of Shoreham*, transport, Captain Cousins, from Bugsby's Reach, last Jenoaray? Ye 'can't remember'—no? What, not the ship yew sailed in—but other folkses can; I dew, for one, for I see yew and yewr kit goo aboard her. Yes, bor, yew may well oopen yewr eyes, tha's how we come to be on yewr tracks to-day." Boyle was silent. The Governor nodded.

"Mr. Chisholm, have you anything to add?" he asked.

"This, Sir George, that on the voyage out the frigate *Paladin* passed us vara near upon one occasion, and it wass then that Mrs. Tighe recognized this gentleman and cried out to him; and he . . ."

"D'y'e dare to assert that I replied to her, or acknowledged her?" interrupted Boyle.

"Not in so many words, sir, but ye reddened vastly, and steppit doon frae the nettings mighty quick, to avoid further recognitions, as it appeared to me."

"He did so; I saw him," assented Furley, with the deep tone of a staunch old hound owning to a line.

"Fiddlesticks! Moonshine! Balderdash!—What shall we have next? Your pardon, Sir George, but this grows past human endurance."

The Governor's slow, wise, wrinkle-embedded eye was upon him, the Governor's mouth opened, after the considering pause of a judge who is for turning and examining both sides of a statement before proceeding. The morning states might wait. This matter touched the character of a man of whom it was well to know the worst. He would probe it to the bottom.

"This alleged marriage took place at night?"

"So they say, sir."

"And in a private house?"

"So it would seem, sir."

"And without a special license?"

"There was never a license at all, sir,—evidently; I mean there could have been none upon the admissions . . . the allegations."

"My own opinion," agreed the Governor, with a certain leaning towards his subordinate which was new to his manner.

"And this clergyman," he continued, scrutinizing the lines, 'O. C. T. Oct. Baskett, M.A.' (if I have the name right); may I take it that he was no parson at all?"

"Ye may that, Sir George—I mean—" hurriedly, but too late, for the Governor was instant.

"What d'y'e mean, sir? and *why* must I take it from your lips that a man whom ye disclaim all knowledge of is not in orders? . . . Take your time, sir, if you please," with severe courtesy.

"I mean . . ."

"No beatings about the bush. Answer me!"

"I conceive there is no such person in orders, sir."

"On what d'y'e base your conception? Have ye acquaintance with every clerk in orders? Consider; 'tis not a minute since ye heard this man's name for the first time. 'Ye were told the man was a laic?' Worse and worse! *By whom?*" (No answer.) "And, pray, how can ye reconcile your particular and convenient knowledge of this man (whom ye never met, ye tell me) with your denials of every preceding allegation?" (No answer.) "Who is this Baskett? Speak, sir."

Boyle bit his lip in the torments of first confusion. The great man looked him over with grim disfavor. "Sirrah, I have found ye out; d'y'e see? Your tongue tripped. Now, and for the last time, will ye swear to me upon the honor of a gentleman, and one of His

Majesty's commissioned officers, that ye did *not* go through the form of marriage with this young woman?"

There was a pause. Boyle, at the end of his resources, inwardly shivered and plunged. "It was no marriage, sir,—and she knew it."

Furley, the mastiff leaning upon a leash, let a low, gurgling roar, and then threw back his mighty shoulders, lifting fists like knots in three-inch cable. For an instant the Quaker died within him, the beast awoke and wrought in his muscles, then manhood came to the top, but it was the manhood of an earlier experience, the prize-fighter. "Foul blow, that, bor! We claim the stakes!"

And Sue? Nature takes the deepest wound without audible protest. There are injuries to flesh and spirit so unforeseen, so bewildering and overmastering, that it does not occur to the victim to relieve the tension of such fierce anguish with a cry.

Sue winced as she sat as if from a cruel stripe; the quivering eye, dilated nostril, and the pallor of parted lips voiced her dumb distress. Oh, the shame of it! the wicked wrong of it! What would poor dear auntie have said? What must the Governor think? and Mr. Chisholm? . . . Neither maid, wife, nor widow, and not twenty. Oh, the cruelty of it! Slowly she turned from the man whom until that moment she had believed to be her husband, nor did she look at him again; love had died hard, but was dead at last.

"No marriage? Ye are drolling, surely, Major," interposed Chisholm, curbing his voice to a softness that sounded very strange to his own ears, and would have seemed ominous to any one who knew him.

"Sirrah, will ye be pleased to hold your peace or to leave this room?" asked the Governor sternly.

The lad bowed himself back into a tense self-command. Goliath disdained

to acknowledge the presence of little David by the movement of an eyelid.

It was from this moment that Chisholm dated his manhood. Not yet had that exquisite hope arisen beckoning him on; for the time he had never a thought of self, all was for her; he had hitherto been simmering with indignation, but this dastardly stab found him cool and hard as a blade come from its final bath, tempered for use. The *saeva indignatio* of his race, the cold fury of countless generations of combative Celts, burned in the eyes which shone in the wan, white face of him. Had those two been alone upon some narrow inch or skerry, as in the long-syne day of the Norse holm-gang, it was not the slender lad that would have been left to the tide and the gulls; courteous, cautious, and incredibly sudden and agile, the burly soldier would have rued his meeting with such a human wild-cat.

"Then, it comes to this, sir," the Governor was summing up. "You own to seducing an innocent child by a pretence of marriage, and to having left her upon the streets penniless——"

"I am a soldier, sir," urged Boyle, moistening dry lips and laboring excuses, "I profess meself no better than others, nor do I conceive meself to be worse; a man in a marching regiment must take his pleasures where he finds 'em. . . I am not the first at this game, nor am I like to be the last. I venture to appale to your Excellency as a man to a man. You have been young, you are still human; did we construct oursilves? Such as we are, are we not as God made us?"

"I have no authority to speak for the Almighty whom ye claim as an accessory before the fact, but, for myself, sir, whom ye charge as *particeps criminis*, I simply return your words in your teeth, and ask ye, Have ye done?" The Governor was warming.

"Your pardon is begged. Sir George."

pleaded Boyle in his softest and richest brogue: "Through life, 'tis me constant misfortune to be misunderstood. May I submit, with the greatest possible humility, that my fault, whatever degree of gravity your Excellency may attach to it, is not a military offence."

"Sir," replied the Governor, "ye have lied to your Commander-in-Chief with the impudence of a carted street walker! A military offence? 'Tis larceny, no less. My gorge rises at the sight of ye! . . . Of what sum did he rob ye, madam? It shall be stopped from his pay, every shilling of it, with interest."

"I will not touch his money," whispered Sue, quivering like a creature under torture.

It is to be supposed that in the course of his five-and-thirty adventurous years Boyle had fought his way out of some awkward corners. "Hit first, hit quick, hit hard, and keep hitting," was the sum of his simple philosophy, and in practice it had served him passably; action and energy being of such price in a world lying in its sloths and timidities, that most men, and many events, yield to a vigorous onset, whether well-directed and rightly sanctioned or the reverse.

But this battle was going against him. In another moment all would be lost: reputation, standing, influence, the countenance of those who reckoned. The dog's life of the marked man lay before him, of him who knows, and whose fellows know, that he is deep in his Commander's black book, of him who is never mentioned in a despatch, nor seconded for promotion, nor accorded brevet rank, nor granted leave. With this grim vista of disgrace opening before him there was yet time for a counter-stroke. Before doom was pronounced he would make a virtue of necessity, and, faith, the girl might have been a worse one. He admired her in spite of the ill-turn she had done him.

Her sword-play had been better than he had reckoned upon; she had touched him here, and here again; he had been fain to break ground, and had barely saved worse by a smashing stroke below the knee. But in delivering that blow his weapon had snapped, he had wounded her, but stood before his enemy disarmed and in danger of being run through (thus the hot fancy of the swordsman figured his plight). "Quick! ye are a lost man ilse, Con Boyle; lep in under yer inimy's guard and take her in yer ar'rms!"

"Your Excellency," he exclaimed, stooping somewhat from his full height and getting the least little tremble into his voice, for the man was no mean actor. "I am overwhelmed with confusion; I am shocked at myself. I confess my folly, my heartless conduct; I have treated the leedy like a damned villain; yes, like an *infernal* damned villain! Let her beauty and me passions be my sole excuse. Look at me, sir: a man is not enjued by his Maker with the strength of a bull and the curridge of a lion, without compensating deficits. That's me! I have sinned; but what compensation is pos'sble I'll make." He crossed the room and dropped upon his knee before the injured girl. "I will marry her this day. Sue, my dear, let the past be past: ye have followed me across sea and land to claim the protection of my name."

This was the moment of Sue's greatest peril; the four men held their breaths. To the Governor and to Furley the proposal seemed a solution of the difficulty; to Chisholm, its brazen effrontery was a crowning insult. To Sue's sore heart and throbbing head it heaped confusion upon confusion. One word of his rhodomontade pricked down to memory and stung her to effective protest and resolve.

"No," she wailed, withdrawing her dress from his contact. "'Protection?'

You said so before! No, never!" (Oh, but the golden voice was flat and dead; she turned from him as one might turn from an alien corpse; her face and her appeal was to the Governor.) "Sir, do not make me. I cannot. It seems fifty, for I came all the way here asking and praying for nothing better. You see I trusted him up to ten minutes ago. When he left me I excused it as his misfortune. He had been telling me overnight of married people separated by instant calls of the service. 'Twas heart-breaking, but I bore up, and God sent me friends, this good soul, Master Furley. I ne'er knew my father, but I think he was a good man, and like Master Furley. When no letter came I blamed the post, and the landlady, who put me to the door and kept my clothes. Then, when I knew from my friend (Oh, and he is a friend!) how my husband had sailed for Gibraltar, I resolved to follow. But it seems—how I cannot understand—that he had not sailed, or only by a later convoy, for we saw one another at sea, quite close; we knew one another; our eyes met and he—he was angered at seeing me. That look was cruel hard to bear, but I told myself that it was not me but my company that he disliked: all should be explained when we met.

"And we did meet, just now—in the room out there—and—and ye saw—and heard, sir." She heaved a dry sob. "He would have beat me if we had been alone; that I'd forgive; he has beaten me before. (Yes, sir, ye know ye have, and I forgave ye.) But, his eyes, his face, and his wicked lies! . . . Do not ask me, my lord, I cannot. Whilst I thought I was his wedded wife I could bear and pardon everything, but it seems I am not; I am nothing. He owns he deceived me; I am ruined. God, who is just and very pitiful, they say, will judge between us. Oh, it hurts so. I don't know

myself. I loved ye, sir. 'Twas heart's delight to wait upon ye, to obey ye, to watch ye cross the room. 'Tis all gone now. Something is gone that used to be here"—her little hand pressed her side—"I kept it warm for him all these months, 'twas my heart's love for ye, Mr. Tighe; when 'twas cold and feeble and seemed at point of death I nursed it back to life for ye, by repeating your name—yours! It would turn in its sleep and moan, and by and by would wake and crow and smile in my face again—my love for ye, sir, the one, only man I ever did love, or ever shall! 'Twas alive and moving but just now, but he has stabbed it to death with his wicked tongue and his cruel eyes. 'Tis dead, my lord, and that's the end of it—and of me, as I think. No, I'll not marry him twice—I'm no more use to him, I don't love him. . . . Let me go away. . . . I want to die!"

She had turned her back upon her enemy as she rose to reply, or, it might be, with the impulse of escape strong upon her, and stood leaning across the Governor's table in the very posture of appeal, her little white hands—Sue had exquisite hands, clever, dainty, and small—pressed upon the green cloth; she looked blankly at the King's portrait upon the wall behind him as she spoke and ended with another dry sob.

The Governor drummed the table with perplexed knuckles.

"Fore George, madam. I pity ye from my heart; I can only approve your deceeslon; though what . . ." he ended disconnectedly with more drumming; then brusquely to Boyle, "Ye have your answer; ye may go," and sucked in lips which must otherwise have said their say.

"Sir George . . . your Excellency, grant me the poor favor of one small last word."

"At your own risk, for the more ye say the deeper ye sink. Be short now."

"Hear me out, if it please ye, Sir George, before ye condemn me; 'tis my own future that I am now considering, as an unworthy servant of His Majesty, and am bound to consider."

"Cut it short, sir," said the Governor, drumming.

"I will, sir. I call myself to witness that my attempt at reparation has been repulsed. I regret ut. 'Twas honestly mint. In the coarse of a soldier's life I have on various occasions been hurried by my timperament into regrettable actions (as who has not that is worth the name of a man?), but I have always—always, I repute—offered suitable satisfaction to the offended party—to a man my sword, to a woman my hand in marriage."

The Governor's short, harsh laugh, like the bark of a big dog, interrupted the speaker. "Huh! ye did, did ye? Ma conscience, sir! I hold that the five (or is it six?) gentlemen whose blood is upon your hands have the least to curse ye for. *What have ye done with your wives?* Now, go, in the devil's name, whose most certainly ye are. And, hark ye, I wish never to see your face again save upon parade. Commend me to your Colonel, and request him, in my name, to send me his morning states by whom he will so that it be not by yourself!"

Boyle drew himself up and saluted grandly; he had regained composure and would act his part to the fall of the curtain, an honest man cruelly condemned for a trivial fault. He passed the door and ran the gauntlet of a watchful anteroom with a face of rock, all hell at work behind a mask. Hours later, when the first rage of the stripes sustained by his pride was lessening, and a congested brain was cooling and growing capable of rational thought, he picked up a London news-sheet brought by the fast Falmouth Packet, which had outsailed the convoy, and glanced down the paragraphs

of personal news. The word Hollinghurst caught his eye. He read:

The Will of the late Colonel Erasmus Hollinghurst of H.M. 12th Reg., who died and was buried at Gibraltar last Year, has been proved under Ten Thousand Pounds Personality. The whole is devised without Trust and absolutely to the young and beautiful Widow of the late gallant Officer, who was in England at the time of his Death, on the sole Condition that she do spend an Hour beside his Grave within a Twelvemonth of his Decease. It is understood that Mrs. H., in dutiful compliance with the last Wish of her gallant Husband, sailed for Gibraltar by H. M. S. *Paladin* with the Falmouth Convoy this Month.

"Tondher and turf!" gasped Boyle, and sprang to his feet, cursing his luck and wasted opportunities. At length he paused in his pacing of his room and addressed his own reflection in the glass.

"Con, ye gommral, remimber yer manners! Sthop blasphem'in' now, and be kapin' to the point. Ye will not be skippin' across the neutral ground to the Spaniards: the grub 'd poison ye, let alone the vermin. Nor to the Frinch. Ye will reserve yer fire. 'Tis one woman has bin the spoil of yez, 'tis another must mend ye. Yuss, a good match will set ye to rights, and the widow is the woman for the business. But ye must be quick upon the mark, for this morning's work will be on its travels. . . . Be the powers, I'll do myself the honor of calling upon the leedy this day."

Students of what may be called the pathology of the human soul are agreed that there is a point beyond which a man's better impulses cease to respond to the divine call. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" is a disputable text, a dictum to divide and discept; but in practice how goes it? Throw over, if you will, the terminology and

mechanism of the theologian, it comes to the same thing in the end; the deliberately determined sinner reaches in his day's saunterings the last fork of the downward track and bears to the left; beyond this, say the saints, his angel, the white Presence who has attended him mournfully since childhood,

refuses to follow; certes, he goes on more swiftly and lightly, and is never more troubled with momentary misgivings. It is to be supposed that this was the final crisis with Major Cornelius Boyle.

Ashton Hilliers.

(*To be continued.*)

BELGIUM'S NEW RULER: ALBERT I.

Belgium has recently witnessed an event of the gravest national importance, an event, in fact, which had only occurred once before in this comparatively young kingdom, an event which may lead in the near future to a profound change in the destinies of the country: King Leopold II., the second of Belgium's sovereigns, died on December 17 at the royal borough of Laeken.

Many memoirs have already appeared in the Press regarding this remarkable ruler, whom the *Times* rightly terms as "an extraordinary man," and therefore it is perhaps not necessary to characterize once more the striking personality of the deceased Sovereign. He has left many enemies—as all independent and successful men do. He has left many admirers too. But it is a melancholy task to be obliged to add that he leaves but very few friends. His life as a Sovereign certainly commands admiration and respect; his life as a man commands neither respect nor admiration, nor even indulgence. A nation proud of her king looks up to him as a national example. Belgium has not had this example, and Leopold II. could hardly be regarded as an incarnation of the typical family virtues of the Belgians. Even in his last days—nay! his last hours—the late King appeared before the amazed world as a man of wonderful energy, as an unrivalled organizer

and business man; but also as an unmerciful father, and finally as a man who disregarded and despised the opinion of his subjects. A word of mercy was expected to drop from his lips, but the lips remained closed to the last, and not a gesture was made to recall from an unjust exile two unfortunate princesses, his daughters. Whatever Belgium's gratitude towards the late King may be, the conscience of the people has been stirred deeply by this sad and undignified ending of a reign so prosperous, so brilliant, and even so glorious, and all the warmer therefore was the welcome addressed by the people to the new king, Albert I., who was solemnly proclaimed as the ruler of the Belgians, on December 23, by the Belgian Parliament.

For many years the supreme hopes of Belgium have been resting with the Crown Prince of yesterday. Leopold II. was, in a way, too big a man for his country; Albert I. is more appropriate to the task set before him. His simplicity has won many hearts. His strength of purpose, his youthful goodwill, have given his people full confidence. Time will tell whether these great expectations will be fulfilled, and to what extent.

A tall, slender man, with light hair, blue eyes, there is King Albert. His attitude has something gentle, timid, modest and kind, which appeals to all who see him, and he looks as simple-

and acts as simply when he is taking part in an important Court function or when he addresses a meeting of workmen.

The new King has ascended the Belgian throne by what one might call a fluke of destiny. He is only the second nephew of King Leopold, and had either the Count de Hainaut, King Leopold's son, or Prince Baldwin, Count de Flandre's eldest son, remained alive, the new monarch would have lived but an obscure life of a royal prince. But Count de Hainaut died at the age of ten, Count Flanders, the King's brother, in 1905, and Prince Baldwin was mysteriously killed in January 1891. So that the only remaining male offspring of the Belgian Coburgs was Prince Albert.

Little is known of his early years, of the years in which nobody regarded him as a future king. He was brought up with conspicuous simplicity by his parents, Count and Countess of Flanders, whose Court is both strict regarding etiquette and domestic in regard to sentiment. A tutor was given to the young prince, who, even in his early days as a scholar, showed himself what he is still known to be now, a man of study. From his first studies he learnt thoroughly (under the supervision of his master, who is still his private secretary, M. Godefroy) Latin, Greek, and four modern languages, French, English, German, and Flemish. Great stress was laid by his *entourage* on the knowledge of Flemish, for Belgians would very deeply resent even an incomplete knowledge of a tongue spoken by half the inhabitants of the country. To perfect his fluency in the *moedertaal* ("mother-tongue," so the Flemings put it) a valet was given to the Prince, who did not know a single word of French, and in later years the young Prince could appreciate the wisdom of this precaution; whenever he has had to deliver a speech in the

Flemish provinces of the country, he delivered it in the original language of the Belgian ancestors, and every time he must have realized that by so doing he had reached—and won—the very heart of his future subjects.

Later he took great interest in mechanics, and this taste the King has developed steadily. As a youth he used to remain hours looking at the trains which passed under the Brussels station bridges; or even, when mechanical toys had been given him he would unscrew and undo them, as every child does, but also bring them together and in perfect order, as children, as a rule, forget to do. In a nutshell, the natural gifts of Albert I. draw him towards positive science; had destiny not given him a throne, had he been compelled to work for a livelihood, there is no doubt that his Majesty would have become a remarkable engineer.

In 1890, at the age of fifteen, Prince Albert entered the military school of Brussels. He remained several years there, and the tuition of this establishment was invaluable; it was quickly noticeable that this extraordinarily studious young man would one day show conspicuous mastery of military science. In the meanwhile he studied diplomatic history with the late Baron Lembermont, the distinguished Belgian diplomat, whose memory is gratefully preserved by all Belgians for having, by an advantageous treaty, freed the Scheldt from the Dutch domination; he studied economics with M. Maxwell, the Director of the Brussels Institute of Sociology. In 1892 the young Prince, who was already considered as the heir-apparent (for his father, Count of Flanders, the late King's brother and direct successor, was an invalid and would have abdicated, had he ever been called upon to reign), entered the regular army, and was introduced to the regiment of Brussels Grenadiers by Leopold II., who on that

occasion delivered a striking speech, in the course of which he said: "I am very happy to bring you my nephew; he is a fine-shaped grenadier. His sentiments are in harmony with yours. He knows that officers—whatever their social standing may be—must have the love of work, the religion of duty, a boundless devotion to national independence." And the King, turning towards his nephew, added: "My dear nephew, you have taken in your hand the illustrious colors which symbolize our Fatherland. As long as your heart beats, don't forget the flag."

Prince Albert, as crown princes always do, "rushed" through the various military grades, and two years ago he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In spite of so busy a youth, the young Prince found time for many other things, for sport, for travel, for lecturing, for social cares. He married in 1900 Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, and has three children, Princess Leopold, now heir to the throne, Prince Charles Theodor, and Princess Marie José.

Nothing, thus, was neglected to make the future King of the Belgians an accomplished ruler. He was given the best masters and the best examples. Time came when the school years, the years of learning, were concluded, though the day of reigning had not been reached. In the course of this period ample opportunities were given to the Crown Prince to assert himself. "What will he do?" was the general question in Belgium, and in this interrogation there was considerable hope and also some uneasiness.

The Prince soon gave a clear intimation "of what he would do." Of course he did not—he could not—openly avow he would pursue one definite policy. Reasons of governmental courtesy opposed themselves to such straightforward acting, and Prince Al-

bert often experienced that the rôle of a presumptive heir was difficult to play without fault and without mistake. Moreover, the personality of King Leopold II. was so striking, so "crushing," really, the late king was so strict on the chapter of his royal prerogatives, that the heir-apparent was never for some years given a chance to give his future people an indication of what his reign would be.

Still, after his marriage, the Prince's "constitutional bashfulness" slowly disappeared and his personality became noticeable. It is a highly sympathetic one. While Leopold II. has always despised the working classes, while the vast mind of the late Sovereign only grasped the results of his enterprises and was never concerned with those who, in their obscure sphere, had brought about these results—Albert I. has always turned his mind towards the problems of social progress, towards the improvement of the condition of the laborers. He has visited a great number of manufactories, in Belgium and elsewhere; he has never shrunk from the duty of "living the life" of working people. In 1897, at Seraing, near Liège, he went down in a coalpit and worked at the painful work of digging; one other day he acted as a stoker in one of the Belgian steelfoundries; he travelled as engine-driver from Ostend to Brussels, the fate of the whole train being entrusted to him. Many anecdotes could be recalled with reference to, and to illustrate, the kindly interest Albert I. takes in the laboring classes. But what throws a clearer light on these "social" occupations are the Prince's speeches, delivered in the fourteen years of his life when he has acted as a public and responsible man. One idea—a novel idea, indeed, to be expressed by a future King of Belgium—dominates them all; one thought animates them and fills them; one duty towards the

working class, "this great duty," he remarked in 1897, "which must be at the root of everybody's goodwill." Later, he said: "We must meet every opportunity that offers itself to come in contact with the working population of the country." And as long as his undefined rôle of heir-apparent allowed him to act little and to speak less, he lost no opportunity of showing his untiring interest in the laborers and of encouraging with all his power all enterprises which have in their scope the greater well-being of the workman. "The well-being of the laborer," he said once, "is only possible if industry is flourishing." And on every public occasion, in the Senate, where he takes a "cross-bench" seat, and in every conceivable kind of meeting, function, banquet, reception, he always tells his countrymen: "Belgium's trade must expand. To expand properly our manufacturers and our business men must not be afraid of using all the most modern scientific discoveries."

Love of science, interest in workers, confidence in commercial expansion of his country, these are the general ideas to which Prince Albert has shown an absolute faithfulness, as long as he was a Crown Prince. Now that he is on the throne, no doubt he will try to put his ideas into force. There is ample scope for reform in Belgium, regarding the advancement of science, the progress of the working classes, and the commercial expansion of the country. If King Albert seriously realizes the ideas which Prince Albert constantly advocated, it will soon be noticeable that a deep change will have occurred in the government of Belgium. Leopold II. was the King of the Belgian *bourgeoisie*; he distrusted the people and did not like to come into contact with them. He was surrounded by *bourgeoisie* all his life, and often repeated to his *entourage* the words of Guizot: "Enrichissezvous!" King Albert is a quite

different man. He will be the first Belgian king who will go to the working class with words of encouragement and of sympathy. He feels that the force of the future neither rests with the aristocracy nor even with the middle class; it rests with the people, and it is on the people he wants his throne to rest. If he carries through this deep reform, he will at once suppress the republican movement, which had but little force in Belgium until the last five years, but which has gained in strength owing to the disgraceful incidents with which the reign of Leopold II. was concluded.

Externally it does not seem probable that the accession of King Albert should give rise to the least apprehension. Under his guidance the Belgians will respect the rights and duties which neutrality confers upon them. And even one thing seems sure, namely, that the new King will easily dispel the cloud of distrust which has for some years cooled the relations between Belgium and other European Courts. Leopold II. for many reasons—political and other—was not *persona grata* at the Courts of Europe, and the newly crowned Sovereigns of the Continent, as well as the others, had therefore often refused to visit Brussels. Belgium was therefore a little isolated. There will in future be no reason for this isolation. If King Albert handles the foreign problems with a firm but lighter hand than his predecessors, if he declines to favor the influence of one country to the detriment of another, surely he will reap the gratitude of his people.

But King Albert has not only duties to perform with regard to his Belgian subjects. He has to govern the vast colony of the Congo, and, above all, to wash the blood-stains with which the abominable "Leopoldian régime" has blotted the good name of the Belgian colonizers. As a crown prince, Albert

I. had already grown alive to the magnitude of his duty toward his African subjects, and in spite of the over-prudent advisers, who said that "a crown prince was not allowed to expose his life," he visited the Congo from one end to the other, from the depth of Katanga to the mouth of the Congo river. This voyage of exploration, which included long marches through undeveloped provinces under scorching heat, has greatly increased the new King's popularity. In fact, it gave the hope to the people that in the future the grave problems with which the government of a colony is confronted would be fully known by the head of the country, and not only by irresponsible bureaucrats. On August 16, 1909, the Prince landed in Antwerp, and was given a welcome which sprang to a high pitch of enthusiasm. At the Town Hall of the Belgian commercial metropolis he delivered a speech, where, in spite of the unavoidable official phraseology, one can detect the *pensée dominante* of the new King: "It is only in improving the moral and material condition of the natives that we will make sure of the future of the Congo. You have congratulated me, Monsieur le Bourgmestre, for having undertaken this trip. I have simply done my duty."

Duty and simplicity, those are the two watchwords of the new King's life. Never mind, then, if his conceptions, his plans, his enterprises be less vast than those of his predecessor; never mind, even if his intellectual suppleness be not so great as that of King Leopold II. Belgium will find a sure

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and strong guarantee of peace and happiness in a young king who has so sound a sense of duty, and it is by a fortunate chance of destiny that a conquering king be succeeded by a prudent, wise, and studious monarch who does not perhaps enlarge the conquest, but makes sure of it, and places it on a solid basis.

Albert I. will be a moderate, well-balanced, and industrious king. And Belgium will hail him as such as she has hailed him as a man of conscience and of firm principles. As a man he will set an admirable example of modesty and domestic rectitude. His love of privacy, his little taste for official etiquette, his *bon garçonnisme* will give him the hearts of his people. His social preoccupations, his kindly feeling towards the distressed and the feeble will rest his throne on an indestructible pedestal. If he has his own way the painful domestic quarrels which have cast so unsympathetic a light on King Leopold II. and which have cruelly divided the royal family of Belgium will quickly be forgotten. M. Emile Vandervelde, in a weighty article in *Le Peuple*, said of the late King: "We have tried to find in this long reign of forty-four years one act of goodness, of mercy, of charity. Alas! we can find nothing." The same thing cannot be said of Albert I., for in every one of his actions the young King has given his people to understand that in his opinion the reign of fear has become impossible, and that his reign would be a reign of work, of sympathy—a reign of mutual assistance and mutual friendliness.

René H. Feibelman.

SOME NEW PEN-PORTRAITS OF CARLYLE.

The almost simultaneous publication of *The Life of W. E. H. Lecky*, *The Letters of John Stuart Blackie to his Wife*, and *Memoirs of Fifty Years*, by Lady St. Heller (Mary Jeune), supplies us, amongst other peeps into the characters and doings of many of those who count, with some graphic sketches of that Leviathan in morals and dogmatic utterance, Thomas Carlyle. The Chelsea prophet was an intimate friend of both Lecky and Blackie, and it is interesting to observe that the two men, very dissimilar in the presentation of character, paint the shaggy old warrior in fairly similar colors. The portraits are doubly interesting as being the work of men with the gift of sympathetic utterance. The Irishman is probably the more enthusiastic, perhaps because he was the more patient; which seems a paradoxical statement to make when comparing him with a Scotsman. But neither Blackie nor Lecky was at all what may be called a representative man as far as nationality is concerned. It would be as idle to speak of the latter as a typical Irishman as to use the misleading journalese applied to John Stuart Blackie as a typical Scot. Indeed, there was more of the Scot in Lecky than in Blackie. Lecky was typical, indeed, in many ways of the hard-headed, clear-visioned Lowlander; Blackie was only typical of himself.

But however much Carlyle differed and disagreed with the two men, he served throughout the craftsmanship of his days as a sturdy friend to them both. Their visits were uniform and uninterrupted, in the heat of the day as well as in the cool of the evening, down, indeed, to those days when, as Lecky wrote, "he is very weak and very melancholy, exceedingly tired of life." Blackie's friendship extended

over half a century, and, despite their battles, they never came near to a quarrel. For though Carlyle was generally one-sided, dogmatic, and fond of bringing under the lash those with whom he disagreed, he showed in his working days little of bitterness. The bitterness only peeped out in his later years when hope had failed and life had become a weariness to the flesh. However much he tore his opponent into metaphorical rags, it was always done with an unfailing good humor, probably on the scriptural principle of reproofing and chastening those he loved. But as the shadows fell Carlyle seemed to have lost this genial spirit, which is an excellent discount to criticism. "I took a cast down to Chelsea," wrote Blackie, "to see the old prophet. He was in a very grumpy humor, and said little either to please or edify; his old negative dogmatism without the agreeable flavor of good humor."

Literature affords many characteristic examples of the tyrannical dogmatist who, in his own heart, possesses a gentleness of sympathy that attracts. Samuel Johnson was a portentous wielder of the verbal sledge-hammer, pounding his friends or his enemies without padding his club; yet was there ever a man so beloved of his fellows? Robert Buchanan was another of the species, though gifted with more imagination and a more playful sense of humor. Carlyle and Ruskin stand together, not only in their moral ideals, but in their glory in laying down the law without much consideration for a strict adherence to the simple facts of the case. In a letter to Miss Gladstone, John Stuart Blackie sums up the two: "Carlyle was mighty to rouse, but useless to guide. He saw great truths with an instinctive glance of spiritual perspicuity; but no sooner had he seen

them than, by a fevered habit of exaggeration, his sublime became ridiculous, and his great truth half a lie. Ruskin is another unsound genius of the same kind; only Carlyle is a giant and wields a club, Ruskin a nimble mortal with a bright rapier, the glamor of whose flash is more potent than the weight of its stroke. But," adds Blackie, "Carlyle will stand, (1) because he is the most picturesque of historical portrait-painters; and (2) because he is a hard worker, and never built his architecture with slight materials." In a letter to his wife, Blackie again summarizes Carlyle from this point of view: "Then I knocked up Carlyle, a strange mixture of gray, weather-beaten solemnity and hilarity; full of sweeping denunciations as usual, but not at all bitter. He is strong to arouse by a tremendous moral force, and to startle by vivid and striking pictures; but he has neither wisdom to guide those whom he has aroused nor sobriety to tone his pictures to reality. He is always talking about veracity, but he habitually revels in exaggeration and one-sided presentation, which is more than a lie. But we fraternized in a brotherly way, and embraced on parting."

Mrs. Lecky informs us, in the biography of her husband, that "Lecky admired Carlyle as a genius and a moral force, but that he was in no way a disciple of his, and any one who did not reflect Carlyle's views never wholly escaped his criticism." "He talked much eloquent and exasperating nonsense," wrote Lecky after one of his visits. "As usual," wrote Blackie, "Carlyle laid about him all round with a bland, sweeping intolerance which appears to be the very reverse of wisdom. However, we managed to get on, as he was willing to take all the talk to himself, and I little solicitous to controvert." In fact, we gather from all authorities that it was Carlyle's joy

to talk and not to be talked to. The rugged old genius sat on his throne, crowned Sir Oracle, and poured forth his flood. "His talking," says Mr. Lecky, "was never more wonderful than when walking alone with one companion, for whom he certainly made no effort of display, whom indeed he seemed almost to forget. His conversation was mainly monologue and, in a greater degree than any other talker, soliloquy." His very eloquence, overpowering and sweeping, must have been terrible at close quarters, and, indeed, punctuated that amusing criticism of him which John Stuart Blackie wrote to his wife in 1848: "Yesterday I spent an evening with Thomas Carlyle. He is really a notable monster, and to be respected for the many noble thoughts he has elaborated and for the words of wisdom which he has flung abroad to bear divine fruit among foolish-hearted men; but I can't help thinking, face to face in a small parlor, he is rather terrible, and I fancy prophets are best exhibited in the pulpit or in the wilderness. A few grand moral instincts burn so intensely in the hearts of these men that they have no room for anything else; they rush out from their smoking sanctuary with a flaming sword in their hand, and whoever follows them not and fights is accounted a heretic. Scottish and English Universities, British Houses of Parliament, orthodox theologies, railroads, and free-trade were all shaken out and sifted under the category of sham; while Oliver Cromwell and his Iron-sides and the old Covenanters who sang psalms and handled pikes on Dunse Moor were held up to admiration as the only heroes in this country for the last two hundred years." John Stuart Blackie was, of course, the last man in the world to take Carlyle's "gigantic one-sidedness," as he describes it, lying down. "I had an hour with stout old Carlyle, who is flashing about

him in the same one-sided, magnificently unreasonable way that you know. Of course, I protested against that style of thing *in toto*, and ended by putting myself under the wing of Aristotle, who, if not a greater genius, is certainly a much wiser man than Carlyle." At another time he wrote: "After lunch I went by special desire to see Carlyle again, and found the shaggy old prophet exceedingly cheerful in his chronic despotism. He kept me two or three hours, rattling and slashing and splashing on in a perfect whirlpool of denunciations and negations. At last I jumped up, and shaking him by the shoulder, cried. 'You are the incarnation of the everlasting No.'"

But in spite of this magnificent intolerance, this superb egoism and uncompromising tyranny of one-sidedness, both Blackie and Lecky could not but be impressed by the unique spectacle which Carlyle presented as one of the few great talkers of the century. Mr. Lecky has drawn a picture of the Hero as Talker which, proceeding from such a source, must be taken as carefully considered and judiciously balanced, and he does not speak in the language of half-praise: "Carlyle's conversation was certainly, of its kind, immeasurably the most beautiful, singular, and impressive I have ever known. One of its charms was a singularly musical voice, a voice particularly fitted for pathos, and this tone quite took away anything grotesque in the very strong Scotch accent. It also gave it a softness and a charm which is wanting in his writings. . . . It was never for an instant commonplace. The whole diction was always original and intensely vivid, and it was more saturated and interlaced with metaphor than any other conversation I have ever heard. It was a conversation which was peculiarly difficult to report, for it was not epigrammatic, but continuous, and very much of the charm

lay in the extraordinary felicities of his expression, in the vividness of his epithets, in his unrivalled power of etching out a subject by a few words so as to make it stand in prominent relief. He was the very greatest of word-painters. . . . His conversation was not slow enough to be wearisome or to give any sense of effort, yet so fully and perfectly articulated that every sentence seemed to tell. It streamed out by the hour in a clear, low voice, glittering with metaphor and picturesque epithets and turns of phrases of the truest eloquence."

Though, as we have indicated, the conversation of Carlyle was mostly monologue or soliloquy, yet it was always backed up by a power to meet his critical opponent with quickness and dexterity of argumentative repartee, a skill to find in a flash a weakness in his challenger's armor, and of warming to the fray under the interruption. "Never was such a master of invective, welling and surging up in an irresistible geyser of opposition." But his talk was not all fire and fury, not all thundering against the walls with hot words and fiery syllable. "He was also," says Mr. Lecky, "the most pathetic of talkers; indeed, the only talker I have ever heard who was really pathetic. Pictures of his early life and of the sorrows of those he had known, or scenes from history, were related in a tone and with a manner that drew tears to the eyes. On religious matters his language had a sublimity and an air of inspiration which always reminded me of what a Hebrew prophet must have been; and sometimes, when very earnest, he had a solemnly strange way of turning and looking full in the hearer's face before speaking, which added extraordinarily to the impressiveness of what he said. I have never seen this in any one else, and it always reminds me of Luke xx. 17."

Lady St. Helier's pen-portraits of the author of *Sartor Resartus* are touched with grace, insight, and sympathy. "The tall, attenuated figure, dressed in a loose wrapper, seated beside the fire smoking his long pipe, the fine head with its masses of gray hair, the stern face with its almost youthful coloring, his keen eyes with their expression of great sadness, his occasional grunt of acquiescence, or a violent outburst of opposition, as the conversation changed or varied, made up an impression ever associated with him." "He was either agreeable or argumentative, according to the condition of his health and the mood he was in. He was most often contradictory; but if he were allowed to continue his argument—or rather, I should say, deliver his opinions uncontradicted—he very often broke off at the end with a laugh, which was in a way apologetic for the duration of his discourse, to which we all had listened most patiently." Lady St. Helier tells us that in the matter of this volubility in monologue even Queen Victoria's claims to have a word in edgewise were not considered, for on being presented to Her Majesty, Carlyle squatted himself down without waiting to be asked, and rattled on in the same characteristic fashion with which he was accustomed to treat his friends. When a woman likens a man to one of her sex the similitude is worth repeating. "Mr. Carlyle's peculiarities," says Lady St. Helier, "were very like those of a woman, for he was uncertain, irritable, and capricious; and while he tolerated many people who paid court to him, he regarded them from quite a different intellectual standpoint, and the short descriptions and nicknames with which he designated some of them were irresistibly funny and appropriate."

It is interesting to observe in all those who are gigantically one-sided that, though they may be men of great

erudition and wide reading, yet it is invariably found that there are gaps in their knowledge that one would not expect *a priori* to discover in the philosopher *per se*, the rôle assumed so brilliantly by Carlyle. "His knowledge and memory were very great," wrote Lecky, "but of a peculiar kind, and his mind was like the electric light, which throws out both strong light and deep shadows. There were large tracts of subjects, well-known books, and large interests of which he was utterly ignorant, much more so than most educated men, and these were not always the subjects on which he was least dogmatic." "But," added Lecky later, when he was pleading eloquently, but in vain, for some memorial to the passionate teacher, "whatever diversity of opinion there may be about some of his teaching, there can be no reasonable doubt that he has been one of the three or four greatest men of letters of the reign of Victoria, that during a singularly honorable and laborious literary life he has been one of the great 'seminal intellects' and perhaps the strongest moral force in English literature." However Carlyle may have sinned in his teachings and methods, he sinned, as Blackie says, "with the sin of great minds—that is, playing the despot with the grand idea. Great ideas are necessary to do great things in the world, but they can no more do such things alone than a paper plan by a Michelangelo can raise a dome of St. Peter's without lime and stone." Carlyle was, of all things, an honorable man, and, as has been said, a tremendous moral force, and it was this combination in his own personality that attracted him to the noble moral nature of John Stuart Blackie, of whom he wrote: "A man of wide speculation and acquirement, very fearless, very kindly, without ill-humor, and without guile."

The life of Thomas Carlyle had no golden sunset. As he weakened he

fretted and craved for the release, but we are told that, as he sat alone by his fireside preparing to face the eternities, he said to Lecky, "The two things I think of most are the stars and the little children." And the last picture which Mr. Lecky draws for us of the old prophet is infinitely pathetic: "I used to dine with him regularly once a

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week, chiefly to light his pipe and lift to his lips a tonic which he had to take, as he could do neither himself, and he used to sink into long unbroken silences. He was still, however, able to take in a little reading, and just before his last illness I read to him some of Burns's letters, the last book, I think, he tried to read."

A. Stodart Walker.

THE COLLECTOR AND THE TIGER.

I saw my first tiger in a scrub-jungle two miles from the Nepal frontier. We were out camping—the Collector and I—making an inspection of the more remote police "thanas" or outposts, and the day before, under a brilliant January sun, we had ridden twenty miles from one to another along the ploughed fields and grassy wastes, intersected with river-courses, some old, some new, some dried-up, some brimming with limpid water, that make this less-known portion of Bengal at once so monotonous and so fascinating. In the end we came to what was a unique formation for that part—a low inland cliff. There we found our tents pitched just over the dried bed of a stream, and a Bengali sub-inspector of police awaiting us in the dreadful mustard-colored uniform and pork-pie cap which the Government has ordained for these usually fat servants.

He was a wily man, this sub-inspector. There had been many dacoities in the neighborhood, and it was the Collector's business to demand, in a cold-blooded and menacing manner, why the police had apparently done nothing to stop them. Did the sub-inspector suppose that he was stationed there just in order to enjoy himself? Or was he perhaps in league with the dacoits? What had he to say about the matter?

The sub-inspector had a great deal to

say, and not over-much English to say it in. Still that never depresses a Bengali. He begged his Honor most respectfully to believe that the sole thing he really cared about in this world was the performance of his duty. Only the district he had to inspect was a large one—forty miles by thirty. His Honor was mistaken in thinking it smaller. Or the map might be wrong. In any case there were many villages in it—countless villages, full of timid people, who, if a dacoity occurred, did not help the police at all. They were afraid to. That was because the dacoits could so easily be avenged on them. In a few hours of the night they could come over from Nepal territory, fall upon witnesses and kill them, and return before dawn. They were the most audacious men. Only two days ago they had actually stolen an elephant—a valuable female elephant belonging to a Babu who lived close by—and had gone off with it. Such a thing was unheard of.

The Collector interposed to say that this was exactly what he thought himself. Such a thing was not only unheard of, but if heard of again would suggest the inference that the sub-inspector was grossly neglecting his duty, and would require to be removed. Thereupon the sub-inspector's face fell, and only lighted up after the Collector, having given one of those brief lec-

tures, at once moral and practical, which only Anglo-Indian officials of experience can give,—in this case, upon the method of following up clues and the need of eschewing idleness,—inquired if there was any shikar in the neighborhood.

You can impress a Bengali, but you cannot beguile him. I was watching the sub-inspector's face as the Collector put that question quite dispassionately, and I could see flashing over it the idea that the Collector was a great hunter, that of all things the Sahib loves most to shoot a big bagh, and that if he were the means of putting his Honor on the track of a big bagh, which would then assuredly be killed, he would be remembered by his Honor not as a policeman who had failed badly to catch dacoits, but as one who had helped intelligently to set before him a tiger. All men, says the East, are corruptible; and here, thought the sub-inspector, was the Collector's weak point.

"There is undoubtedly a bagh near by," he said after a pause. "A big bagh."—he measured the air with his hand up to about six feet.

"How do you know?" said the Collector.

"Only a month ago a cow was taken two miles from where your Honor's tents stand."

"What is the good," asked the Collector, "of telling me that a cow was taken a month ago? The bagh that took it may have travelled fifty miles since then!"

"But, your Honor," said the sub-inspector, with the readiness verbally to retrieve a mistake which is again so Oriental, "another cow was taken the night before last."

"Only you forgot to mention it?"

"I was about to mention it," said the sub-inspector. "It was a full-grown cow, and was dragged some distance."

"By a panther, no doubt?" said the Collector jeeringly.

"By a big bagh," said the sub-inspector with great seriousness,—"so big, that it is like a horse." He measured the air up to eight feet. "People in the village have seen it. There are many small baghs, too,—panthers,—but this is a big one. Very big. It is bigger than a horse. Your Honor will go after it, perhaps, to-morrow morning?"

"Yes—if you find some tic kabbar," said the Collector. "But it must be tic."

The sub-inspector went off, saying it should be very tic indeed. "Tic" means accurate, and it therefore means what no Bengali ever is. Nevertheless, as the Collector said, it would be worth trying for a tiger if the jungle was not too thick. Tigers are not so plentiful in Bengal nowadays (except, of course, in the Sunderbunds, where the trees are so dense and the air so pestilent that hunting is about 90 per cent in favor of the tiger) that one can afford to miss a chance, and this part of the district was reported to contain a few. At all events, we might get a leopard. Unlike tigers, leopards (usually known as panthers) are increasing all over the country. They can conceal themselves in any patch of grass, whereas the tiger cannot, and seems to resent the gradual cutting down of forests that made his once impenetrable home. Where he still survives up-country is in some stretch of tree-jungle that can scarcely be beaten with fewer than twenty or thirty elephants. Unluckily no more of these were to be obtained by us than the two that happened to be yet with us, after having brought on some of our camp outfit. Two, however, were better than none, and a third was eventually added to us by the good offices of the sub-inspector. Having vouched for the presence of a tiger, he seemed de-

termined that at least all due preparations should be made for its extinction. He had sent out three watchmen to ascertain if any more cows had been killed; and himself turned up at our tents later that same evening to say that, if his Honor was willing, two Babus—the schoolmaster of the village and the nephew of a Zemindar—would be gratified if they were allowed to join the expedition, bringing their own elephant.

"They are here outside, waiting to hear if your Honor permits," said the sub-inspector, waving into the darkness, where we could dimly see two bowing figures in the indecent draperies that Babus affect.

"Are they in the habit of hunting?" asked the Collector, who desired their elephant more than their company.

The two figures moved up to the flap door-way of the tent.

"We shoot the panther," said two voices in unison. "We do not of ourselves shoot the tiger."

"Why not?" asked the Collector.

"Why not?" repeated the sub-inspector, and there were some murmured explanations between the three of them. Then the sub-inspector announced—

"Your Honor, they do not shoot the tiger because they are cordy men."

"Cordy?"

"Cordy, your Honor."

The Collector did not understand, and looked towards me. I shook my head. The word, apparently an English one, was new to me.

"What do you mean by cordy?" demanded the Collector.

"I mean," the sub-inspector beat about for what he did mean.—"I mean—I mean—cordy. It is that they are cordy—they fear the tiger."

"Cowardly!" said the Collector with sudden inspiration, and the two Babus, who had pressed forward into our lamplight in their anxiety not to be

misunderstood, smiled assentingly. The Collector also smiled, and they deemed the moment favorable.

"Yes, we are cordy," said one of them, "but in your Honor's company we should not fear. We may come?"

"All right," said the Collector. "Only mind you don't hold your guns in my direction."

It seemed rather a blunt way of fore-warning members of one's shooting-party, but, as the Collector explained to me after the Babus had departed, it is necessary. For choice they will always hold their guns at a fellow-creature. This makes hunting on a pad elephant nervous work. A lurch or a jib on the part of the elephant faced suddenly by a wounded tiger, and a wild clutch at the pad-rope on the part of the Babu, will sometimes cause his gun to go off in any direction rather than the tiger's, especially if the Babu happens to be holding it by the trigger. In taking risks of this kind the Babu is fearless enough, but the Sahib less so.

The Collector was so very much less so that, on the following morning, before we started at about nine o'clock, he disarmed the Babus of two revolvers which they had brought with them in addition to their guns (one of which was muzzle-loading), in case the tiger came to close quarters; but I do not fancy they minded the confiscation, and the sub-inspector, who was to come with us, very much approved of it. He rode our spare elephant together with one of the Collector's chuprassies, both armed for the nonce with shot-guns, and he kept shouting directions to the Babus how to hold their weapons until the Collector abashed him—for a moment or two—by pointing out that while he was discovering the mote in the Babus' eye—so to speak—his own gun was pointed full at the head of the unfortunate chuprassie behind him. After that the sub-inspector contented

himself with instructing the mahout how to drive his elephant.

It was a perfect day of North Indian winter, the sky blue and fleckless to the horizon, the sun beginning to blaze, the air still cool. From our cliff a long view of the plains extended, broken here and there by clumps of bamboo and mango groves. Through distant silvery sands rivers still more silvery meandered, and tiny cattle dotted the bare brown fields. As we started north along the edge of the cliff, a cloud of parrots burst from a tree overhead, and made the air for a moment a whorl of glittering green. There must have been several hundreds of them. Massed like that, there are only two bird-flights I know to compare with them for beauty,—that of silver plovers and that of the peacock-colored fowl misnamed the purple coote. I have seen all three in this same country, and could never decide which was the most worth seeing. Perhaps the silver plovers wheeling into the sunset. It reminded me always of a sight that may be viewed at times off our South English coasts—a pilchard shoal hauled up in the nets under a moon.

But this is by the way, as so many fascinating things are in Bengal.

I said that we moved north on our elephants, and the reason for that was not so much that the sub-inspector had got the information of a tiger in that direction, as that on Monday—he declared—it is lucky to ride north. To tell the truth, which is more than the sub-inspector could really do, no more definite news about tigers had been forthcoming over night. There were, on the other hand, rumors involving two tigers or more, of which one certainly appeared to have its beat to the south. Possibly, however, this was only a small bagh—or leopard,—and the jungle in which it lived—if it did live there—was a very large jun-

gle. On the other hand, the jungle in which the sub-inspector felt sure that the very big bagh did live was a small one, easy to beat. It was this latter point rather than the sub-inspector's superstition about riding north on Monday that decided the Collector to try the north jungle, and we entered it in about three-quarters of an hour from the time we started, the elephants having moved well. I find it easier to praise an elephant after I have got off it than when I am on it, for the reason that when its pace is most superb and rapid then is the man mounted on it most uncomfortable. No doubt the thing is a matter of use and wont. A mahout looks fairly comfortable on his steed's neck. So does a Babu on a pad. But then a Bengali always does look comfortable. It is his nature to, except in the dock, when, if he is guilty and he thinks the judge may be aware of the fact, his toes begin to twiddle. *Malaise* of that sort is worth watching for—an Indian judge has told me. Our Babus looked very comfortable, in spite of their respective guns, which they had been ordered to hold butt downwards, being sloped in a deadline for one another's heads.

It was a jungle consisting chiefly of scrub-oaks, and to me it somehow looked uncommonly small to be the abode of a tiger. It could not have been half a mile wide, and its length was a mile at most. We had just passed through a village to enter it, and I could see thin smoke indicating another village on the opposite side.

"Surely," I said to the Collector, "a tiger doesn't live as close to mankind as this?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I shot my first tiger in a very similar place."

"But didn't the villagers dislike having him there?" I asked.

The wood was lined with paths through which it was clear the natives

passed to their work on either side, and it struck me as singularly unpleasant to know that when one was coming home tired after a day's work one might find a tiger barring one's way.

"They don't like him," said the Collector, "any more than your villagers like a motor going through. But they get used to him. I shouldn't wonder at all if there was one here."

The elephants had separated a bit, and were beating the wood in line, swishing at the thicker cover with their trunks, and wheeling in and out. The first thing that started up—with an awful clatter—was a pig, and he bolted before us at a great pace. Both Babus pointed their guns at the gray streak of him as he vanished, and the Collector was only just in time to prevent the sub-inspector from firing without taking aim—"We don't want to frighten the tiger away for the sake of a pig," he said.

"No, sir," said the sub-inspector, in quick sympathy with his chief, and hastened to tell the Babus that they were not to shoot at pigs. "Shoot only at tigers," he added.

"And if you shoot," said the Collector drily, "do not—as the sub-inspector does—first place the butt of your gun against the pit of your stomach and shut your eyes."

"I shall keep them open next time, your Honor," said the sub-inspector, as though he had hitherto been experimenting with a view to finding out what method of discharge was most to his superior's taste; and we moved on again in silence, only the mahouts giving an occasional sharp injunction to their elephants in that mahout language which they say is the same all over India and Ceylon.

Just as in otter-hunting the hound-work is to many the most interesting part, so in this jungle-beating, elephant-work is. The huge creatures

go so delicately and thoroughly. Some say that for all their horny skin they can feel the scratch of a dog-rose, with which the jungle is often thick, and I can believe it, from seeing their unwillingness to enter a dense patch. Yet they are more earnest than any human beater, and a good deal more competent, too, by reason of their long strong trunks, when anything has to be had out of close-growing clumps. It is not easy, of course, to tell precisely which of the work is done by the mahout and which by the elephant; but if there is any shirking, I should be inclined to ascribe it to the mahout for choice.

We put up nothing else in our first beat across the jungle except two jackals, that went off at a gentle canter, with their ears up, and a few mongooses; and coming back, higher up, we had no more success. We did indeed find the skeleton of a cow, but this was old, possibly two months or more. The sub-inspector advised that we should move on to a grass jungle hard by the river that separates Bengal from Nepal, where he now felt persuaded a bagh would be found. If it were not, he said, it would be simple to cross the river, and beat for a while on the Nepal side. As, however, the entrance of Indian officials into that territory is strictly forbidden by treaty, the Collector refused to consider it, thereby showing himself less corruptible than the sub-inspector had supposed. He confessed to me that he was sorely tempted, and it must be a considerable temptation to enter at times and commit a dacoity upon wild beasts. Indigo-planters, who used to go in pretty freely fifteen or twenty years ago, before the authorities became too strict, have told me that the shooting was magnificent. The Nepalese villagers liked them to come and kill off a tiger free of charge, and if an official discovered them, it

was sufficient to say that they had missed their way, and to move on to some other camping-ground equally rich in game. In all probability the game, both big and small, has increased since then. Nepal has not been civilized, and in a country where only a few years ago it was not uncommon—as again planters have told me—to see a man smeared with honey and tied up to a pole for the ants to eat—by way of punishment for some misdemeanor,—it is not likely that brutes, wild or otherwise, have been much reduced.

It was decided by the Collector that, instead of defying the laws of the country, we should beat once more through the little oak-jungle, and turn south later on, if it failed to produce anything. We were encouraged as we re-entered by meeting a villager, draped in faded pink, who told us that an old man in the far village had, only the evening before, seen "the jackal" as he returned from cutting grass in the jungle. The jackal had passed the old man not ten paces off, and the latter had flung himself on his face in fear. The villager called it "the jackal" all the time he spoke, but the Collector and the sub-inspector and the Babus, and in fact everyone but myself, seemed quite to understand that he thereby meant the tiger. It seems that is a custom. You do not in these sequestered places talk of a tiger at all, because if you do you may attract its attention to yourself. Woods have ears as well as walls. Any name—jackal, dog, creature—is to be preferred, and is used, as I have said, not slightly but, on the contrary, out of respect. For the tiger is not supposed to know that the person who spoke of a jackal and desired its destruction in reality meant the royal beast. I suppose we had not left this duly cautious villager for more than five minutes, and were beating a part

of the jungle which we had already passed quite close to on our first beat, when the Collector, who was looking out on the left, suddenly sat up and fired twice in a twinkling.

"Tiger!" he said, and I said something very different, for I knew I had missed my first chance. I hadn't even seen the beast, and the Collector said afterwards that it had been worth seeing, as it had crossed full in sight of him slowly from one patch of cover to another. But there was no time to feel properly disgusted, and there might be another chance. Not a sound had greeted the bullets, and the mahout, who had put our elephant to a canter (if that is the word), declared the tiger had slipped off un wounded. His Honor had missed. He was still saying so—to the noise of crackling twigs and plunging feet—and we were all on the stretch of excitement, and Heaven only knows which way the Babus were pointing their guns, when suddenly we came on the tiger. There it lay on its right side—straight ahead of us—breathing stertorously, and we pulled up an elephant's length away amid great gabble from the mahouts and the Babus and the sub-inspector. Where was it hit? Was it shamming? The Babus were for giving it a broadside. The sub-inspector desired target-practice from a distance. Only the chuprassie,—a small and faithful soul—wished to get down and kick it. His Sahib had shot it. Therefore it must be dead, or very badly wounded. If by any chance it turned upon him, his Sahib would give it one more bullet. The skin must not be spoilt. The Collector chose that the chuprassie should not risk being spoilt either, and the eager little man was hauled up by the sub-inspector just as he was slinging himself down by the elephant's tail. At that moment the tiger gave a choke and half-rose, but sank again;

and at the sub-inspector's very earnest request the Collector put another bullet in its head. So a little later the great cat died, having killed and eaten many cattle in its time; and stretched out, lithe and massive, and suggesting even in its death its strong and incomparable vitality, it evoked my sentiment. There seemed a strange waste in the destruction of a creature so full of life and beauty. One can rejoice in the death of a crocodile or a shark —such things are repulsive to man. The cat-tribe is not. Between us there is not the same cold-blooded element. The heat and fierceness of the tiger's is not so different from our own. I suppose St. Francis could have said "Brother Shark," but a mere ordinary sinner could almost say "Brother Tiger."

Well, we sometimes go for our brothers heartily enough, and I have to confess that my humane sentiment did not amount to much, and was succeeded by that previous and much less humane feeling that I might with luck have shot it myself and hadn't. "I do think," I said reproachfully to the Collector, "that you need not have finished my first tiger with your first shot."

He also is a humane man, but he only grinned.

"Sorry," he said. "I wish you'd got it, of course. It's just as well it was dropped, though. A wounded tiger's a nuisance, especially when it comes roaring for your elephant."

"I daresay," I said grudgingly, for some experiences are worth having, and this would have been one.

Our elephant had been taken up to the tiger's body, and its wagging trunk, as it snuffed it from head to tail, proclaimed that the chuprassie might with safety descend. Already, as if by magic, the little wood was filled at a respectful distance with villagers, and as the chuprassie took his

proud stand by the body, they crowded up jabbering till the glade was like a parrot-house. The bolder spirits smacked their dead enemy, or dipped a finger in his blood, and the chuprassie watched with jealous eyes lest any one should try and steal a hair of its whiskers. These and the claws are so highly esteemed for charms that there is scarcely a Bengali who can refrain from abstracting them if he gets the chance. In this instance the whiskers were solemnly counted. I forget what they numbered, but I could see the chuprassie going over them again at intervals until the bullock-cart, which in some mysterious way was hauled up through the trees, arrived to take the body into camp to be skinned. The procession thereupon formed was a triumphant one, and must have numbered some hundreds, some on foot, some on the small ponies of the country. I particularly remember one aged man, in a bright mauve robe on a white pony, who hastily galloped up for the purpose of spitting at the dead tiger and saying, "Ho, ho, you thought you were a great tiger that could frighten us. But you are nothing but a weak little jackal—how could you kill a cow?"

This was a figure of speech, of course, for it measured exactly eight foot eleven, which is medium for a tiger. Certainly it was not the eight-foot-high creature, bigger than a horse, which the sub-inspector had promised us. That one, he now vowed, was still at large, and would make even better hunting for his Honor, if his Honor would only wait and go after it. Unfortunately our time was limited. These are not days when the official may take a week off as he pleases for the hunting of tiger, and we had to move on that same afternoon. But the Collector said that he would return some day to that part of his district, and that mean-

time the sub-inspector had better keep a record of the tiger's movements, and also of the movements of dacoits, some of whom it would be well for him to catch.

About a month later, when we were back in the station, a young police superintendent—a Scotsman—came round to the bungalow. He too had been visiting the same outpost in the course of his duties two days before—that is to say, rather more than three weeks after the tiger was shot. As soon, he said, as he rode up, the sub-inspector came bustling out with smiles upon his face, and in answer

Blackwood's Magazine.

to the question what report he had to make, said delightedly—

"Sir, I have to report that the Collector has shot a tiger."

"And what about the dacoits?" demanded that official.

"Well, he's looking for them. But he's so pleased about the tiger still, and thinks you are, that they've rather taken a second place."

"I'll make him think," said the Collector grimly, and the young policeman winked at me.

"Shows how jolly incorruptible we have to be out here," he said. "The price of Empire . . . what?"

R. E. V.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSION.*

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There is a single sentence in Mr. Sidney Low's generous review of my book, "Broken Earthenware," to which it is necessary that I make reply; but before referring to this sentence and furnishing my answer, pray permit me to express my gratitude to Mr. Low for his brilliant and understanding notice of my book.

Mr. Low says that I am on insecure ground when I issue a challenge to science to perform miracles of "conversion"; and he refers me to a subject with which I happen to be well acquainted, medical hypnotism. Now, it is as true that hypnotism can occasionally turn an almost dipsomaniac, if he desire to be saved, into a teetotaller, as that Salvation Army conversion can turn a similar drunkard or a sensual monster into a saint. But, the immense difference! Science cures a malady; conversion creates a soul. Mr. Low's criticism, in fact, underlines the chief contention of my book. I say that science can save a man from himself, but cannot give him the impulse

to save others. The whole wonder and the chief beauty of conversion, under the Christian influence, is that it renders fair what was foul, and afterwards creates in the converted and cleansed soul a resistless passion for saving other souls which are yet sunk in degradation and despair.

I do not think that it is either fair or wise to make a comparison between the mad and unreasoning fanaticism of the Mahdi's followers with the quiet, self-sacrificing, and most gentle tenderness of those Salvationists, men and women, who, without sounding a trumpet before them, devote their days and nights to nursing the sick, to comforting the sorrowful, and to saving the lost, in neighborhoods of horror and contagion. Mr. Low may account on physical grounds for the mental disturbance at the moment of "conversion," but who of us will dare to attempt on purely human ground an explanation for the beauty and the sublime devotion of the after-life?—Yours, &c.,

Harold Begbie.

Carbis Bay, S.O.,

January 12th, 1910.

* "The Living Age," February 5, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There are many points of interest raised by Mr. Sidney Low in his article on "religious conversion," in your last number. Mr. Low has before him Mr. Harold Begbie's records of a number of conversions in a slum district of London, and he acknowledges the marvellous reforms which are spoken of, most of them, as he notes, being from alcoholism and other forms of extreme sensual indulgence. And he then proceeds towards a conclusion which, from the point of view of religion, is of a most seriously sceptical character. For he equates these changes with the changes due to mental suggestion and hypnotism. The point of these latter changes is that there is not any real object before the mind of the experient; there are only internal perturbations of his own being—even when these are induced by suggestions coming from other people, and therefore originating externally to the patient, they are not really objective, e.g., if a hypnotizer suggests that the patient is a King or the Lord Mayor and should behave more becomingly, the influence takes place, although the patient is neither of these exalted personages. But in many cases the suggestions are quite self-made, and have no external existence in any shape or form. Now it is Mr. Low's contention that the conversions from alcoholism by the preaching of a Divine promise of forgiveness and spiritual help are quite parallel to the above, and would take place even if such promise is quite fictional; in short, that false beliefs are as effective as true ones in producing mental reformation.

This contention is a very common one in our time, especially with people connected with medical studies or taking interest in psychological inquiries. Psychology is taken as capable of giving full and complete answer to the problems of reality. It would be a

very serious difficulty in the way of establishing religious truth if this contention were valid. For it cuts away the real veracity of the experience to which religious thought makes its appeal, and closes the gate against all reference to God and to our relationship with Him.

I trust that this momentous subject will be discussed in your pages. For myself, I offer this counter-statement: that a revolution in the soul which is to be of a healthy and a permanent kind can be effected only by rescuing the mind from fictions and from its own unaided efforts for self-guidance by placing it in contact with the real spiritual order of the universe. I maintain that in a healthy state the mind is never self-fed, so to speak; it knows the difference between its own creations and realities, between its own power, and lack of power, and the power which surrounds it, and on which it can draw for support. It may from time to time be misled by its own fancies or be despondent in its times of weakness; but over a long course of years and through a continued course of experience, health, insight, and vigor can come only from contact with what is real.

Now, the conversions on which religion relies are not simply sudden changes taken apart from the subsequent history of the converted men and women, but those in which we have before us records of subsequent health, vigor, and happiness. The records of religion abound with instances of men who, after conversion, have been so unquestionably healthy, so notably sane, and so eminently vigorous, that we acclaim them as types of what man is capable of being. For example, I can think of no healthier and stronger types of human character in quite humble circumstances of life than those recorded in the "Lives of the Early Methodist Preachers"; veritable

leaders of men among the strong characters of England from the Yorkshire dales to the miners of Cornwall in the eighteenth century. If these, and others like them, were merely subjects of fictional suggestions, whether induced by John Wesley or evoked in their own minds, on a par with hypnotized patients recalled from mental alienation by Charcot and his assistants, we see in face of the grim conclusion that there are fictions more effective of sanity and vigor, more beneficent for individual souls and for social welfare generally, than reality itself. We should have to accept the strange conclusion that the unconverted men who accept as the only truth that they are morally failures and wrecks, left to themselves for all hope of reform, are in a superior position to those who lend themselves to the influence of fictitious suggestions, either generated by their own fancies or imposed on them by the will of other people. This would indeed be an abandonment of all belief in the rationality of the universe.

We grant that minds under delusion or in hysterical or abnormal nervous situations can be rescued by the intervention of baseless suggestions for the moment; but that they can settle down into permanent sanity unless they are presently brought into contact with realities is neither probable nor proved. And I affirm that the conversion of men from moral degradation, or simply from weakness of will or from poverty of moral ideals, into men of high aims and of well-knit moral constitution, takes place precisely because they are rescued from a realm of self-delusion and self-dependence, full of fictions, deceits, and vanities, and placed within a realm of highest reality by the moral order of the universe. In effecting solid and permanent conversions, religions—for it is not only Christianity which is concerned—are all of them effective, because they

bring to bear some truths about the Divine order of the world, and place converted souls in the light of these truths, and under the influence of the Spirit which is the source and the essence of reality itself.

There are other considerations to be brought to bear against Mr. Low's contention. I hope that your readers will not fail to accept your invitation to the discussion of this widely-prevalent tendency to abandon trust in that rationality of the universe on which true religion takes its stand.—Yours, &c.,

A. Caldecott.

King's College, London,
January 6th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—There is a suggestive analogy to the psychology of conversion in Aristotle's "Ars Poetica." There he tells us that the two conditions of a good drama are Anagnorisis (recognition) and Peripetela (revolution). In a perfect drama such as the "Oedipus Tyrannus" these two coincide. At the turning-point in the play Oedipus recognizes himself for what he really is—the murderer of his father—and his circumstances and character undergo a revolution, as we see in the "Oedipus Coloneus."

So in a real conversion: A man recognizes himself as ruined and guilty, and through that self-knowledge begins to know God; his character and often his circumstances are revolutionized. Conversion is the recognition and revolution which changes life from a chaotic and often a filthy dream into a well-ordered drama in which not self, but Christ, is the protagonist, and the best way to understand conversion is to be converted.—Yours, &c.,

C. F.

January 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.—Mr. Low asks how we shall explain the psychology of conversion, and he proceeds to answer his own question. He says that it is the power of suggestion and hypnotism which turns criminals and degenerates to habits of decency, order, and honest living. I venture to think that Mr. Low is mistaken in attributing conversion to the power of suggestion. There are many in every class of society who have experienced conversion, and who are prepared to affirm that the force by which the change is wrought is the power of personality. Suggestion is doubtless the first step, but suggestion acts on the mind, while the influence of personality operates on the soul. In other words, it is the influence of the *living* personality of Jesus Christ on the life of the individual that causes the change and produces character and a mind in approximation to the mind of Christ.

In the cases of the criminal, drunkard, and bully, conversion is explained by the same power—life-giving spiritual contact with God himself—but here the way is opened for that influence to operate by powerful suggestion, sometimes of a sensational and emotional nature. We find countless cases of conversion in the Salvation Army meetings and in the churches of all denominations, whether Nonconformist, Anglican, or Roman. But the force behind the change is the same in all cases. It is the vitalizing power of personality operating on the soul of man. And what power can be more regenerating and more permanently illuminating than continuous living intercourse with Jesus Christ who is surely the Son of God?—Yours, &c.,

C. Lyall Cottle.

Warren Drive, New Brighton,
January 3rd, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.—The article of Mr. Sidney Low greatly impressed me. Conversions have all the fascination of mystery for the psychologist. As a scientist he is obliged to face them precisely as he has to face the mental phenomena of the child, the eccentric, the insane, the hypnotized subject, &c. Any facts of the human mind, be they normal or abnormal, must find a place within the region which he explores. The most daring explorer in this region comes often to a sudden halt by reason of the difficulties lying across his path. Thanks to the concentrated attention bestowed in recent years on the abnormal phases of the mind, and the labors of the Psychical Research Society, much fresh light has been shed on this dark region. Professors Starbuck and James amongst others have done much in directing attention to the subject of conversions. On strictly psychological grounds neither these authors nor anybody else here succeeded in tracing them to their exact cause. They remain more or less a problem. To refer them to "suggestion," or to the operation of the subconscious self, does not bring us much nearer the problem. What takes place in the mind of the convert Professor James would seem to regard "as results of the tension of subliminal memories reaching bursting-point." (*Varieties*, p. 236.) Furthermore, he says: "If the grace of God miraculously operates, it probably operates through the subliminal door, then. But just *how* anything operates in this region is still unexplained." (*Varieties*, p. 270.) He appears to think that the subconscious self is the mediating term between the Self and God (p. 511).

It would no doubt simplify the problem if all conversions were alike; but they are not alike. Conversions are endless in their variety. Moreover, as a word, conversion is variously ap-

plied, and we are apt to confound meanings and things. From a loose use of the word we make a class of converts who only resemble one another in a few things, and, perhaps, the least important things. "All is not gold that glitters." The slum "converts," the patriotic converts of Japan, hypnotized converts, and Charcot's hysterical women, reveal certain common elements as the result of their conversion. But is there no fundamental difference between the Salvation Army converts and the others named? I believe there is.

The power which converted the slum drunkards and debauchees twenty centuries ago converted St. Paul, who had not been a drunkard, "but was blameless in the eye of the law," and who wrote so profound and intellectual a letter as the Epistle to the Romans.

The same power, through St. Paul's ministry, converted the matter-of-fact Roman and the wise Greek. This power must be something unique. I

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fully agree with Mr. Begbie that only religion can bring about real conversion. To co-ordinate religion with hypnotism and patriotism would be convenient, no doubt, in a scientific interest; and no objection could be urged against such arrangement, were it shown that religious conversion is not essentially different from a mere naturalistic process, such as hypnotic "conversion." But are not the conversions which Mr. Begbie describes something other and higher than a naturalistic process? In other words, are they not miracles of grace?

Mr. Low concludes his excellent article thus: "We may believe in miracles but we ought not to expect them." My answer is that we do believe in miracles; and, somehow, we cannot do without them.—Yours, &c.,

James Evans

(Presbyterian Minister).

7 Bowen Terrace, Brecon,

January 13th, 1910.

CANADA AND THE NAVY.

The conviction of the indivisibility of the Empire, which grows deeper and more earnest in the British Dominions as time passes, and as one significant event gives place to another, was nobly expressed in the speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, when a Bill for creating a Canadian Navy was introduced in the Canadian House of Commons. We have always maintained that the Colonies ought not to be harassed into making contributions to the British Navy; that an Empire which is to have any reality cannot be maintained by pressure from the centre on the circumference, but must exist and flourish by the spontaneous desire of all the different parts to remain in a fixed relation to the Mother-coun-

try by accepting the implied obligations. We have never felt the remotest doubt that when these implied obligations were recognized they would be cheerfully and generously accepted. It only required emergencies to make them clear. In a military sense such an emergency arose in the South African War. No Englishman who lived through those days is ever likely to forget the way in which the loosely attached parts of the Empire responded to the common call. The Empire "found itself" in a manner never experienced before. Ancient association and immemorial sentiment proved themselves to be a strong tie in comparison with which the hard formulæ of commercial arrangement would appear dull

and futile. The demonstration given then of the military solidarity of the Empire has been repeated in several later incidents, of which the most remarkable was the Defence Conference of last year and the proposal for the creation of an Imperial General Staff. We have had to wait longer for an emergency which should work a similarly impressive miracle in the naval sphere. But it came in unmistakable form last March when the Government admitted that they had been misled as to the naval activity of Germany, and that unless a special effort were made in the following years Great Britain would be in danger of losing the command of the sea. From that moment it became a certainty that every self-governing Colony would undertake of her own accord to make a regular contribution in some form or other to the defence of the Empire by sea.

It remained only to be decided whether they would prefer to pay a sum of money, to hand over to the British Admiralty ships ready built and equipped, or to embark upon the more ambitious career of having Navies of their own. New Zealand has promised to give a "Dreadnought" to Great Britain,—a munificent gift when one reckons the cost to the comparatively small population. Last April it was reported that Victoria and New South Wales would combine to give a "Dreadnought," but upon consideration they preferred not to divert any money from their policy—which has been under consideration for a good many years—of having an Australian Navy. The decision of Canada was understood also to be in favor of a local Navy, but nothing definite was known till Sir Wilfrid Laurier made his recent statement. The man would be ungrateful and unromantic indeed who could read without pride and intense appreciation the language in which the scheme was discussed, or

without feeling convinced that, whatever vicissitudes may follow, a movement has been begun which is bound to go on from strength to strength.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who introduced the Bill in the absence of the Minister of Marine, Mr. Brodeur, who was most unfortunately absent, explained that it provided for the creation of a permanent Corps, a Reserve Force, and a Volunteer Force. The Naval Service would in fact correspond to the Militia, except that it would be voluntary, whereas under the Militia Act all men between eighteen and sixty years of age are liable to service. There would be a Director of the Naval Service, and the Department of Marine and Fisheries would be assisted by a Naval Board. A very important provision is —we quote from the *Times*—that "in the case of emergency the Governor in Council may place at the disposal of his Majesty for general service in the Royal Navy the Naval Service or any part thereof." If such a decision were taken by the Government when Parliament was not sitting, Parliament must be summoned to meet within fifteen days. A Naval College would be established on the lines of the Military College at Kingston. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on being asked to define an "emergency," and to say what was meant by "war," answered: "An emergency means war anywhere in which Great Britain is engaged. If Great Britain is at war, Canada is at war, and is immediately liable to invasion." He then went on to describe the character of the Navy which it is proposed to create. There would be four ships of the "Bristol" type, one of the "Boadicea" type, and six destroyers, to be divided between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The cost to Canada would be £2,338,000, and if the ships were constructed in Canada this would be increased twenty-two per cent. Mr. Borden, the Leader of the

Opposition, pointed out that at the Defence Conference in London the Admiralty experts had recommended the establishment of fleet units by the Dominions. Australia had readily accepted this recommendation, and her local Navy would take that form. The Canadian proposals, in his opinion, provided for something more than an experiment, and yet did little to give immediate and effective aid to Great Britain. The Naval Service could not possibly be efficient in less than fifteen or twenty years, and a crisis would come in five—probably in three—years. We need not dwell upon the differences between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden. We have no right to offer advice. Mr. Borden apparently wants a more expensive scheme than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and would prefer a fleet unit on the ground that the proposed Canadian Navy would not be completely adaptable to the uses of the British Admiralty. In any case, the important fact emerges that the leaders of both the great political parties in Canada wish that their country should take its due part in the naval defence of the Empire. Experience will show whether the Canadian proposal is more or less useful to every one concerned than the Australian plan of maintaining a fleet unit, or the New Zealand plan of providing a "Dreadnought."

It is quite impossible now that there should be any return on the part of Great Britain to the principle adopted by the Imperial Defence Committee in 1906. The Imperial Defence Committee then disapproved of the Australian proposal to maintain a local Navy. It acted on the advice of the Admiralty, which was to the effect that an efficient Navy is one and indivisible, that small local Navies with independent characteristics could not be readily absorbed into the Royal Navy in an emergency, and that the best assistance which the Dominions could give to the Mother-

country would be regular contributions of money. Canada and Australia, in their different degrees, have rejected that advice; and though we quite see the logic of the Admiralty point of view, we think on the whole that Canada and Australia have decided wisely. There are two chief objections to the policy of naval tributes. One is that the British taxpayer would be tempted to regard them as made in relief of his own pocket. He would forget that the co-operation of the Colonies in naval defence is intended to make assurance doubly sure. The other is that the Colonists themselves would take infinitely less interest in Imperial defence if they simply put down sums of money to be spent invisibly in Great Britain, instead of having Navies of their own taking shape under their eyes, manned by their own people, and perhaps built in their own yards. In the case of Canada, it appears to be Sir Wilfrid Laurier's actual intention to have the ships built in Canada. At first they probably will not be built so well as they could be built in Great Britain, and the cost, as we have seen, will be greater; but those disadvantages matter little compared with the fact that the Canadians, destined to be a mighty people, have begun thus early to express their sense of nationality in terms of naval power. From the point of view of Great Britain, which must expect to see herself in the distant future outstripped in population and resources by her Colonies, nothing more important than this beginning of a Canadian naval policy can be imagined. We believe that both in Canada and Australia an intelligent opinion will now arise on the problems of naval defence which could not have been created in any other way. Perhaps the complete naturalness of Canadian naval ambition will become more apparent if we compare the situation now with what occurred when the garrisons of British

Regular troops were withdrawn from Canada and Australia. — Canada and Australia might have said then that they did not care to go to the trouble of training and maintaining troops of their own, and would prefer to hire British regiments to continue the work of garrisoning the country. Instead of that, they preferred to raise troops appropriate to their peculiar duties. When we look back on those times it would appear to us absurd if the Colonists had come to any other decision. And we feel sure that a hundred years

The Spectator.

from now, when a considerable Canadian Navy will be in existence, manned by the splendid seamen who inhabit the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Canada, Englishmen will wonder that it was proposed that Canadians should pay other sailors to do their work for them. And this brings us to our final, but not the least important, point in favor of local Navies, which is that our total naval strength will be greatly increased by the extension of the ship-building resources of the Empire.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

The Southern counties, especially those nearest London, have gone heavily against the Government. In the Midlands and West the fight has been doubtful. The Northern, Scottish, and Welsh counties have been overwhelmingly Liberal. The new Parliament is now so nearly complete that we can predict a very large majority of Liberal Freetraders, Labor men, and Irish Nationalists over Tories, Liberal Unionists and Tariff Reformers of various hues. If the Independent Nationalists, who are nominally Home Rulers, but reject Mr. Redmond's leadership, and might more properly be denominated Clericals, are to be considered as likely to vote more often with the Tories than with the Liberals, then the majority may be put at 100 rather than at 120. But although the Government's majority can rightly be described as heterogeneous and composite, there is no likelihood of any serious defection upon any of the main issues presented to the electors; for the Prime Minister and his colleagues asked the country—

(1) To pronounce against the claim of the House of Lords to refuse its assent to the Budget, and

(2) To empower the Government to limit the acknowledged right of the Hereditary Chamber to amend or reject any Bill sent up to it by the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour and his colleagues joined issue on both these questions, and further appealed to the country—

(1) To vote for Tariff Reform, i.e., a general and protective Customs tariff, and

(2) To oppose any scheme of Home Rule for Ireland.

These secondary issues were, of course, taken up by Liberals and Labor men as well as by Irish Nationalists, and accordingly every elector was dosed with House of Lords literature, Free-trade and Protectionist literature, Budget literature, and Irish Home Rule literature. The Tariff Reformers now declare—upon what evidence we know not—that the Irish Nationalists support the Birmingham scheme of Tariff Reform, and hints are already being thrown out in the *Daily Mail* and elsewhere that the Unionist party is prepared to surrender its convictions upon Home Rule, and also to accept a scheme for the reform of the House of Lords if the Irish Nationalists will

swallow Tariff Reform. But the Home Rule question was pushed to the front with so much energy at the English elections, particularly in the counties (where the laborers were assured that Home Rule for Ireland meant the seizure of that country by the Germans and the invasion of England on the West as well as the East) that this deal, whether it be suggested by the *Daily Mail* or the *Morning Post*, seems to be entirely outside the region of practical politics.

Assuming, however, as we may safely do with Mr. Balfour, that Tariff Reform has again been scotched, so far as the new Parliament is concerned, there is, nevertheless, very grave uncertainty about the political future. We do not pretend, like some of our contemporaries, to be able to predict precisely what course the Cabinet (whose members have all survived the hazards of the ballot box) will decide upon; but having regard to the composition of the majority and to the issues at stake, we are inclined to think that the new Parliament will last either a few weeks or for several years, that it will either bring about great constitutional changes as between the two Chambers on the one hand, and as between Great Britain and Ireland on the other, or that it will be dissolved without performing any legislative work at all. The reasons for this judgment are plain and simple. Both the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor have declared emphatically that the Government will not hold office unless it is enabled to deal with the claim of the House of Lords to reject the Budget, and also with its admitted constitutional right to reject any ordinary measure passed by the House of Commons. The only constitutional means by which Mr. Asquith's policy can be carried is the use of the Royal prerogative to create whatever number of peers may be necessary to give the

Government a majority in the hereditary as well as in the popular Chamber. But the King may feel that the judgment of the country is equivocal, even though there is a British as well as an Irish majority in favor of Mr. Asquith's Administration. He might conceivably say, for example, that the successes of the Unionists preclude the idea of any serious constitutional change, and would merely entitle the Government to pass Mr. Lloyd George's Budget into law. We hardly think such an attitude probable; but still it is possible. If so, the Government may resign at once. In that case the King would send for Mr. Balfour, who might either pass the Budget and dissolve, or dissolve immediately. He would probably be forced to dissolve immediately, for if he met Parliament he would almost certainly be overthrown immediately by a vote of "no confidence." The inconveniences of another election without the passage either of last year's Budget or of the Estimates for the coming year are, however, so tremendous that they can hardly even be contemplated. They constitute in our judgment a complete and overwhelming proof that the action of the House of Lords in refusing its assent to the Budget was utterly wrong, opposed not only to constitutional custom and practice, but also to common sense. It seems to us, therefore, at least probable that Mr. Asquith will, at any rate, be armed with the requisite authority not only for carrying this Budget through the House of Lords, but also for placing on the Statute Book a constitutional guarantee that future Budgets shall be free from the veto of the Second Chamber. If in addition to this a form of self-government for Ireland coupled with a redistribution of seats that will be satisfactory to reasonable men, can be devised and carried, together with a reform of the House of Lords and a limi-

tation of its functions, then this Parliament may prove to be one of the most important in the annals of English history. Thus it rests with the King whether this Parliament is to be anything or nothing, whether the country is to be plunged again immediately into the expense and turmoil of a General Election, or the new House of Commons is to enjoy real authority.

The Economist.

A dissolution by Mr. Balfour would probably result in consequences unfavorable to his party; for the electors know that this dissolution has been brought about by the House of Lords, under the guidance of the Tory leaders, and will bitterly resent it if they refuse to accept the decision of the country.

A LAMENT FOR KING PANTOMIME.

[“So far as we can observe the tendency of the time, the old-fashioned pantomime is on its last legs; and, naturally, we mean by the old-fashioned pantomime the Harlequinade, with its attendant spirits of Clown and Columbine, Harlequin and Pantaloons . . . All praise to Mr. Barrie, who began the beneficent revolution by devising his immortal hero, ‘Peter Pan.’”
—Daily Telegraph.]

Once more, ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown (see *Milton's Lycidas*),
Your mournful help I must implore.
Let all enjoyment be dismissed as
I drain the cup of sorrow to the dregs
For one who's on his last expiring legs.

Anticipating that sad day
When nought is left us but his phantom, I'm
Constrained to pen a funeral lay
In honor of our lord, King Pantomime.
To think that, one fine Christmas, all in vain
We'll listen for his “Here we are again!”

From boyhood I've been wont to make·
Unto his court an annual pilgrimage;
And little did I think to break
This venerable custom till grim age,
Laying his chilly finger on my chest,
Disabled me from chuckling at a jest.

For years, past all remembering,
I've joined with fervor in his revelry,
Allowed my sentiments full fling,
Roared at the Clown's amazing devilry,
And nearly died with laughter when he met
The abandoned baby in the bassinette.

Then, when the Harlequin appeared,
How eagerly we'd crane our necks to see
The Pantaloons' devices queered.
And with what undiluted ecstasy
We'd lay our fulsome tributes at the shrine
Of that entrancing fay, the Columbine!

But what avails it to recall
Joys that were destined for eternity
Had not our youth been seized in thrall

By that strange spirit of modernity
 Which frowns upon the sausage-stealing joker
 And sees no humor in the red-hot poker?

So let us tearfully prepare
 A royal wake, and, *inter alia*,
 Summon the mirthful monarch's heir
 To don His Majesty's regalia;
 And, when our King has fully served his time,
 Proclaim, "Long live King Peter Pantomime!"

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The latest volume in the "Wisdom of the East" series (E. P. Dutton & Co. publishers) is entitled "The Path of Light." It is a manual of Maha-yana Buddhism and as the first rendering into English from the Bodhi-Charyavatara of Santi-Deva it will attract the attention of students of Oriental thought and faith.

The Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers's clever essay on "The Autocrat and his Fellow Boarders," is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a slender volume entitled "Oliver Wendell Holmes," which contains also a dozen, more or less, of Holmes's most characteristic poems. The combination of author and subject is a happy one, for Mr. Crothers has a gift much like that of the Autocrat himself of whimsical humor and the saying of unexpected things.

A yearbook dainty in its exterior and rich and varied in its contents is that which Mrs. Emily V. Hammond has edited under the title "Looking Upward Day by Day" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The selections are true throughout to the hopeful aspiration suggested by the title. Grouped each month under general designations, as "Ideals," "Success and Failure," "Sympathy and Cheerfulness," etc., they give for each day of the year a page containing a

verse from the Bible and passages in prose and verse from a wide range of authors in unison therewith.

To their admirable series of annotated texts for school use, published under the general title of "English Readings," Henry Holt & Co. have added a volume of "Selections from Johnson," edited by Charles Grosvenor Osgood, preceptor in English in Princeton University. Rasselas is not included because it is presented in an earlier volume in the same series, but there are extracts from Johnson's verse, and representative passages from his prose, including his letters, the whole making, with introduction and notes, a volume of four or five hundred pages.

Charles H. L. Johnston follows his "Famous Cavalry Leaders," one of the most stirring and wholesome books of adventure for boy readers, with a volume on "Famous Indian Chiefs" in which are narrated true stories of Indian chiefs, from Powhatan to Sitting Bull, who have figured in American history. The narrative is written with spirit and will engage the attention of wide-awake boy readers. There are sixteen illustrations. L. C. Page & Co., who publish Mr. Johnston's book, add to their "Little Cousin" series "Our Little Persian Cousin" by E. C. Shedd, and "Our Little Hungarian Cousin" by

Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Both books are illustrated, and they aim to convey to young readers, under the guise of a simple story, some idea of national habits and customs, especially so far as they affect child life.

Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson's "A New Heaven and a New Earth" adds one more to the huge volume of books expounding the "new thought" under varying names, but it is written in good English; it does not contain a discourteous phrase, or reflect an uncharitable thought, and it begins by defining its terms. These characteristics place it in the higher class of works of its species, separating it from those made to sell, and fulfilling their destiny; but its unique trait is its use of the phrase "fourth dimension" to indicate the atmosphere which each human being may create for himself, for his acts and the conditions under which they are performed; his thoughts and emotions and their reflex effects. To those who cannot take comfort from the phrase "The kingdom of God is within you," or believe that all other things shall be added unto him that seeks it first of all, the phrase will be immensely consoling, and according to Mr. Patterson, in its acceptance abide faith, hope, charity, and above all, having things in one's own way, which is the "new Heaven and the new earth." Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

Some years must elapse before the company of American poets can be even numerically as strong as that which adorned the mid-nineteenth century; but already more than one of the younger men can point to performance quite equal to theirs in their earlier days, and the promise of this little group is greater than that of their predecessors merely by virtue of their being one curve higher on the ascending spiral of progress. They are better

equipped for their work by the effects of half a century of criticism and work, and they are in a world in which new roads have been broken, new vistas opened and they may seek the perfect word and phrase to describe their vision with no fear of finding it preempted. The group of aesthetes and the disciples of Morris have left them a rich heritage of experiments in the music of verse, and what more can they ask? The best of them ask nothing better than the "glory of going on," and their going is pleasant to see. Chief among them is Mr. Percy MacKaye whose "Poems" make one of the most noteworthy books of the season. Among them are "Ticonderoga," a ballad read at the Champlain tercentenary; "Tennyson" written for the Brooklyn Institute Tennyson centenary; "Choral Song for the New Theatre"; "Ode to the American Universities," the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem for 1908; and three groups of poems "Lyrical and Descriptive," occupying about a hundred pages. Of these last the second group, containing the sonnets on Norton and Child, is the most beautiful, but the verses in praise of nature are vivid and brilliant. As for the occasional poems they have none of the weaknesses popularly attributed to that species, but are strong and finished and the "Ode to the American Universities" is extraordinary both in execution and in spirit. The Macmillan Company.

The Rev. Dr. James Denney's "Jesus and the Gospel" is a book which may be read and re-read with delight and profit by lay as well as by clerical readers. Its sub-title, "Christianity Justified in the Mind of Christ," explains more fully its scope. The author seeks to show that the conception of Jesus as holding a unique place in His relation to God, and a supreme place in His relations to men as Lord and Saviour is not the invention of a later

Christology but was held by the earliest Christian disciples and was fully declared by Jesus Himself. Dr. Denney propounds and answers two great questions: Has Christianity existed from the beginning only in the form of a faith which has Jesus as its object, and not at all in the form of a faith which has had Jesus simply as its living pattern? and, Can Christianity, as even the New Testament exhibits it, justify itself by appeal to Christ? To both questions he gives an affirmative answer, and he reaches it by a searching and reverent study and comparison of what is recorded of Jesus and His word in the synoptic gospels. Dr. Denney is fully conversant with the results of modern criticism, and his attitude is fair and tolerant. His aim is, so far as he may, to allay the perplexity and distress now widely prevalent in matters of faith; and his appeal is not only to the churches but to those who are on the frontiers of the churches and have been repelled from them by theological misapprehensions. The conclusion to which he leads is that a uniting confession for the churches might be found in the simple declaration "I believe in God through Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord and Saviour." Beyond this, and what this involves and implies he would have the widest latitude for individual thought and belief. In earnestness, temper and breadth of scholarship, Dr. Denney's book suggests comparison with Dr. Stalker's recent work "The Ethic of Jesus" and takes its place with that as a notable contribution to contemporary religious literature. A. C. Armstrong & Son, publishers.

Pierre de Coulevain's "On the Branch" presents a heroine between fifty and sixty years of age, leading a life of lonely comfort and enjoyment, and thereby recommends her work to

such a woman's contemporaries, no small class among novel readers, although probably not very much concerned in the creation of "best sellers." Having secured their good will and presented a novelty to her younger readers, she farther propitiates the latter by making her heroine first tell the story of her happy married life, and then rehearse its secret passages never suspected until her husband's death, and finally trace the history of his son, a charming youth, whose mother, a married woman, was her near kinswoman, her schoolmate and her dear friend. Her relations with this young man are treated with exquisite art, but the heroine never for a moment loses her position as the most important figure, and her evolution from a French schoolgirl with all the limitations of her class, to a wise woman of the world, and a successful author, studying life from the independent footing of a dweller in hotels, deepening and refining in character with every passing year, is marvellously interesting. She touches lightly but surely upon the passing fancies of the moment, she shows that she is informed as to the latest announced discoveries; she describes her English friends and their home with a courteous grace which might well be studied by American writers of "international novels"; and she understands the best type of American woman much better than she is understood by many writers of American fiction. Her keen analysis of character and motive both personal and racial make her a most stimulating writer, and her description of a French woman's manner of regarding her duty to herself and to her neighbor and her responsibility in all matters may very well lead the self-satisfied Anglo Saxon to reflect upon his own thoughtlessness. But after all, Pierre de Coulevain writes "On the Branch" as a novel and as a

novel it should be judged. It is an admirable picture of manners and character with a plot in which one feels the inevitability of things as they are and the pervasiveness of Providence. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The title "Fifty Years of Japan," by no means suggests an encyclopaedia, but the two large volumes upon which Count Okuma has bestowed it are nothing less than an encyclopaedia of his country, and the sooner the other empires, kingdoms and republics offer it the sincere flattery of imitation the more agreeable for their citizens, and the better for each country as a whole. The work, he states in his succinct preface, is intended first, to preserve an authoritative account of the development of Japan during the fifty years since the ratification of its first treaties with the outside world; and, second, to make the present condition of the country more widely known both at home and abroad. The first two chapters, summarizing the history of Japan and giving an authoritative account of the exact conditions under which Prince Tokugawa sacrificed himself to his country are from Count Okuma's own hand. Each of the following fifty-four is written by a person or persons especially qualified by experience and training to treat it justly and fully. Mr. Saburo Shimada, M.P., tells of the introduction of Japan to the comity of nations; and the late Count Taneomi-Soyeshima was the author of the chapter on Japan's foreign relations; the lamented Prince Ito contributed reminiscences of the grant of the new Constitution; Professor Kazutami Ukita, and Counts Itagaki and Okuma jointly wrote a chapter on the history of Japanese political parties; F. M. Prince Yamagata wrote of the army; Admiral Yamamoto, of the Navy; police, prisons, municipal government; communications, their history, and the various

species, post, telephone, telegraph, railways and mercantile marine; finance, joint stock enterprise; banking; industries, in general and in detail; language; the four religious beliefs; philanthropy, education in various eras and of various sorts; philosophy, science, medicine, hygiene, and the Red Cross; the fine arts; journalism, literature; social changes; the influence of the West; socialism and the separate chapters on Oshima and Formosa are similarly written and Count Okuma crowns the edifice with a chapter of some twenty-five pages entitled "Conclusion." Six appendices giving the text of the Constitution, an abstract of the treaty between Japan and Russia in 1905, a summary of a speech on Japan's foreign policy delivered by Baron Komura in the Imperial Diet, February 2, 1909; tables interesting to zoologists and botanists, tables of weights, measures and money, and a table of the daily wages of the workmen precede the index which, as the book has more than fifty authors, has probably been most vigorously revised and corrected. Henceforth there is no excuse for conjecture, rash assertion, or untruth as to most Japanese matters either in Congress, in the schools or in the papers. Here is the truth for all the world to see, and truth tested by a year of examination by interested persons, for the Japanese edition appeared in 1908. The translation was made in Japan, and has been carefully edited by Mr. Marcus B. Huish and the two great volumes are handsomely printed and bound. No college, university or high school library, no public or professional library, can afford to dispense with them. Indeed it would occupy much less space to name the who can afford not to read the , than to enumerate those who sho read it, and in the latter class must be luded those who read for pleasure. E. P. Dutton & Co.

